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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is often said to-day—and too truly—that the people are not much interested in public affairs. They appear callous, at least apathetic, about the Empire; and Home Rule or Separation might come to-morrow, it is said, for what the mass of the public cared one way or the other. It is something at any rate that they are stirred by records like those of the grand men of Captain Scott's party. The whole country was deeply moved, shaken out of the rut of itself, by the loss of the "Titanic" and the courage of those who died then. It has been affected in the same way by the loss of Scott and his followers. It is hard to realise in the pressure of life that there can be national as well as private loss and gain. The great adventure, however, of Captain Scott and his men, and the death that crowned it, make us all realise it.

There is a spirit, which, ordinarily, objects that the pursuit of the Pole, north or south, is the pursuit of folly. It cannot be described to-day as it often was twenty years or more ago as the act of "the mad Englishman", because nations notoriously sane have pursued the same idea. But the usefulness of these adventures has been often questioned. But nobody is in the mood now to deny that the exploit of Captain Scott and his men leaves the world richer and better. Men have never died less in vain than these men died. There is a simple, splendid truth in the saying that "the greatest gift a hero leaves his country is to have been a hero".

Life is much like a game of cards. Play you never so well, and take all the thought possible, you may yet have much more than your share of bad cards and lose. Captain Scott knew he must take risks and

that if too many of them came together, he must lose. The chances were against such adverse conditions as he had to face; he had a right to count on better; but the worse happened, as he knew might happen. He who will not start till he has provided against every chance of ill possible will never start at all.

The Welsh Bill is now in company with Home Rule. By 107 the Commons made it something more than a Bill; by 201 the Lords have made it something less than an Act. Which of these majorities represents public opinion? The debate in the Lords will help the country to an answer. No one defended the Bill. Lord Beauchamp, who introduced it—what is a Lord Beauchamp doing attacking the Church?—apologised for it—it was only a small Bill: whilst they might have picked all the Church's pockets, they were only picking one. Lord Crewe, the only other member of the Government who ventured to speak, could find no better arguments than the old fallacies about tithe and the new fictions about the Irish Church. Only 51 members went into the Lobby with them. Where was the rest of our new nobility? Mr. Asquith himself must have created more than 51.

Three speeches stand out from the debate, all of them made by Bishops. There were members of both Houses who declared that the Bishop of S. Asaph's speech on Tuesday was the best they had ever heard. Bishop Edwards has the fluency of his countrymen. Speaking at a great pace, but with crushing effect, he covered the whole field of the long controversy in which he has played so leading a part. Domestic bereavement did not make his task the lighter. Seldom in modern times has a speech made a deeper impression on the House.

The Archbishop of York has called him the Welsh greyhound and the Bishop of S. Davids the bulldog of the controversy. The Bishop of S. Davids on Thursday lived up to the description. With a Welsh accent and intonation, such as the House had never before heard, he went for his opponents. To see him shaking and worrying the two rats on the Bench of Bishops was a chance not to be lost. Not that the

Bishop of Hereford showed much fight. He seems to have exhausted himself in the "Times".

The Bishop of Oxford's is the third speech that stands out from the three days' debate. It recalled Mr. Masterman's speech in the House of Commons. One would have expected Bishop Gore to make the best of his case—he made the worst of it. He seemed to delight in disparaging the Church's work and in sneering at the defenders of its connexion with the State. Piecemeal disestablishment delighted him. Why not make an experiment on the vile bodies of the Welsh dioceses? The Church of England is not the Church of the poor. Look how much better are the Salvation Army and the Primitive Methodists. Not even the curates have a grievance. The whole thing is nothing more than a fight for money and privilege. If the Bishop of Oxford believes in his arguments, and is an honest man, he has no right to hang on to his place in the Established Church.

The scandalous misuse of Bloomsbury Baptist Chapel as a Radical and Progressive committee-room is nothing new. This building escapes rating on the ground that it is "exclusively appropriated to public religious worship". Topics for Sunday addresses include "The L.C.C. and the New Jerusalem", "Why I am a Socialist", "The Soul's Landmarks and London's Needs", "Holborn and its Guardians", "The German Navy Scare", and so forth. This is "Whitefield's Tabernacle" again. Every Unionist electioneer knows perfectly that the dissenting meeting-house is in election time but rarely a house of prayer—except for the return of the Radical candidate. But it is encouraging to find that Nonconformists themselves are rebelling against this political abuse of religion. The protest concerning Bloomsbury comes from members of the "congregation".

A Babu seditious, a "free-thinker from Lancashire" who "believed that humanity had suffered from too much reliance on Christ", and Mr. P. W. Wilson of the "Daily News" have preached on Sunday at the Bloomsbury Chapel. There have been scuffles and ejections, owing to the rival religious claims of Land Nationalisation and Free Trade. This mingling of religion and politics is not in itself unlawful. The pastor of Bloomsbury may have every right to be a humbug. But it is scandalous that the hall should escape rating as a building "exclusively appropriated to public religious worship". We have heard a good deal from Nonconformists about rates levied in despite of conscience. The ratepayers of Holborn are paying rates to make good the exemption of Bloomsbury Chapel. What becomes of the principle of passive resistance?

The military debate in the Lords this week brought out the last resource to which the Territorial Army is reduced. Territorial Dance Club! Lord Roberts was invited to join this club, as an important means of getting recruits for the Force. Is the idea that if we cannot get soldiers, we will have an army of dancing boys instead? Is not this an edifying spectacle for the Prussian officer? One often hears sneers at bazaars and other devices to which the clergy are too often reduced to raise money. No clergyman has ever had to humble himself to more abject methods than the recruiting-general of this Territorial fraud.

Mr. Maxse has provided the sensation of the week. We all looked for squalls when the Marconi Committee should come to examine him; but he has risen to the occasion even more quickly and completely than one expected. He has shut the Committee up and for the time being taken all interest out of everything connected with the Committee except himself. Taking a strong line of his own, not from anyone else, he described to the Committee the presumption against the Marconi contract and some of the Ministers raised by what he had learned from private and confidential sources of information. Asked to disclose the names

of the communicants, he refused net. Then a scene; and Mr. Maxse is reported to the House of Commons. The report is presented; the Speaker waits for Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Asquith gives it the go-by. He puts it off until a more convenient season, which may safely be taken to be the Greek kalends.

It is a tremendous snub for the Committee. They send a naughty boy to the Doctor to be punished for his contumacious behaviour. The boy comes back smiling, without a caning or even a gentle reproof. The truth, of course, is that Mr. Asquith saw that the Committee had made a false step. The world was entirely with Mr. Maxse in refusing, as a gentleman must, to disclose what he had received in confidence. Mr. Asquith knew that neither Clock-tower nor anything else would make Mr. Maxse violate this confidence; and he wished to save the House from a bêtise and the Committee, so far as was still possible, from the effect of theirs. So he wisely put off the whole business.

Probably, too, he has the feeling that this summoning to the Bar of the House with threats of confinement in the Clock-tower is out of date. Why, to a journalist it is the very opposite of punishment. It is the finest advertisement in the world, the very making of him. Mr. Maxse at the Bar would have been a grand entertainment (we are all rather disappointed he did not have to go there) and what an article "My Stay in the Clock-tower" would have made! It is about time the House of Commons dropped this nonsense of privilege. It is not in a position now to give itself these airs. The country is not going to have a body of paid voters, under the Prime Minister's heel, haling before them and threatening with penalties respectable citizens outside the House with no desire or intention to get in. The House may do what it likes with its own members, but it must leave others alone. It must try to realise that it is not what it was, and that the country has very little confidence in it. Mr. Asquith does seem to have an inkling of this.

Whatever be the result of this Marconi inquiry, it makes one feel, as did Thursday's debate on the silver purchases by the India Office, that this Government has been very foolish in so acting as constantly to create appearances against itself. When you have one brother a law officer and another manager of a company with which the Government are negotiating a gigantic deal; when the Under-Secretary for a Department is brother to the leading members of a firm through which that very Department is doing business; when another member of that firm is brother to a Cabinet Minister; can anybody wonder that suspicion should be rife? The Government owe it to the country not to put themselves in false positions of this kind.

Mr. Gwynne's motion for a Select Committee was negatived; but Mr. Asquith, in a speech which fully admitted the necessity for the inquiry, promised a thorough investigation by an expert body—preferably a Royal Commission.

There was a debate in the House this week on the "Titanic" spoils question. It was attended by two or three Liberals and Labour men, as well as by the Opposition, and it seems to us a pity that the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General had not time to give their views and experiences. The old saying that to the victors belong the spoils is, we suppose, true in a sense of the "Titanic" business; but it is more exact to say that to the great Law Officers of the Crown belonged most of the spoils in this instance. Sir A. B. Markham, M.P. for Mansfield, was one of the Liberals who dared to attend and to speak. He spoke straight out, though he refused to go so far as Mr. Rutherford M.P. and describe the large sums of public money which were regally spent as "slime". Perhaps slime is the wrong word: it is a misnomer for money, like "filthy pelf".

The Government brought up their people and voted down the members who protested against these "Titanic" spoils by a good safe majority of 111. There is not the slightest danger, we imagine, of the wicked Unionists snapping a division on a spoils debate or on a salary debate.

One of the Labour M.P.s went further than we have gone in comment about this appalling waste of public money on huge fees for two highly-paid members of the Government. He declared that the whole inquiry merely meant a "whitewashing". He accuses the Government of setting up an inquiry, which "pays through the nose"—the public nose—for the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General to do a bit of whitewashing! Now whitewashing is hardly skilled work to be paid for at a very high rate. Whitewashing is done in England almost as commonly as charing. The Opposition, if they get the chance, should raise this "Titanic" spoils business again. What shameless cynicism in the Radicals to talk about retrenchment and about the rich being too rich and the poor too poor, when all the time they encourage this kind of thing!

Mr. Churchill is angry with Mr. Bonar Law for (1) threatening that Ulster will go over to Germany; and (2) asking the King to exercise his veto against the Home Rule Bill. Of course Mr. Bonar Law has never committed either of these sins. However, Mr. Churchill was called on to make a rattling party speech. He made it. If a Minister is not to be allowed from time to time his "terminological inexactitude" on the platform, how can he keep up the spirit of his people?

We suspect that loyalty to Mr. Asquith prompted Mr. Churchill's speech. The truth is Mr. Bonar Law made a very cutting, a cruel speech, yesterday week at the Prime Minister's expense. The way in which he fancifully—yet faithfully—sketched the position of Mr. Asquith was extremely clever. It had a touch of Disraeli's diabolism. The banter of it was delicate, and it was deadly. If the Liberal sketch-writers in Parliament are right, and Mr. Bonar Law is just a box-thumper and no more, he must be leaving his mark on the hard wood of the box. It was said a great Liberal orator smote the box so true and hard that he left on it the mark of a ring he wore. We fancy we can detect a mark or two of Mr. Bonar Law's, if not on the box on the table, at least on the body of one of the gentlemen on the bench opposite.

The passage in which Mr. Bonar Law sketched the Prime Minister's difficulties over the "debt of honour"—which "brooked no delay" and yet has not been paid from that day to this!—is delicious. "Why have you not paid the debt?" Mr. Bonar Law asks. Whereat the embarrassed—but not exactly transient—phantom of the front bench opposite replies: "I intended to reform the Second Chamber, but the result of the January 1910 election was disappointing. It was fought, as you know, on the 'People's Budget', and when the House of Commons assembled I found that the Budget could not be carried except with the support of the Nationalist members, who were opposed to the Budget. That was a difficult position. They insisted, somewhat harshly, I think, before agreeing to give their votes for the Budget, on making a bargain with me".

"I did my best to resist it. For nearly six weeks I suspended the business of the House of Commons, trying to get them to modify their demands. But I was unsuccessful. I therefore had to incur another debt, which was not a debt of honour. Debts of honour are not legally enforceable, but unfortunately this other debt could be enforced, and I had to pay it. I recognise my debt of honour, but unfortunately there seems to be no prospect of my being able to pay it myself. But I have not forgotten it, and I shall make arrangements and give clear directions—I shall leave

it in my will that my heirs shall pay it." Who can wonder after reading this that Mr. Asquith's friends loyally rush in to bludgeon Mr. Law?

The Government clearly realises that the success of National Insurance must, in the long run, depend on conciliating the doctors. Mr. Masterman told the House on Wednesday that contracting out will not only be allowed but encouraged. A little while ago the Government would prevent it in every way. But the threat had served its turn. Doctors have been terrified on to the panels; the veto is now withdrawn. Arrangements with doctors *not on the panels* are now to be allowed. It was always intended that they should, said Mr. Masterman. Everyone knows that had the doctors really trusted to Section 15 of the Act, Mr. Lloyd George would not have been able to break the strike. The strike was broken by the Government's virtual repudiation of Section 15; Section 15 is now restored. The Government has read the Act in contradictory senses to suit the occasion. One time it was one thing, another time another; but always the will of the people. This is Parliamentary Government.

Mr. Asquith on Wednesday, deplored Mr. Healy's attack upon the Appropriation Bill, ended by admitting Mr. Healy's argument. The effect of the supplementary insurance grants, Mr. Healy contended, was to repeal section three of the Insurance Act. Could this be described as a Money Bill? Could a statute be repealed by means of an Appropriation Act? Mr. Asquith admitted that an Appropriation Act was a temporary expedient; and that if the increased payment to the doctors became a regular feature of National Insurance it would have to be "regularised by statute". Legislation by appropriation—or by misappropriation—is "the new style", introduced, by the way, by Mr. McKenna when he put into the Appropriation Act a vote of money for a purpose made illegal by the Education Act of 1870.

There has been hard fighting this week about Scutari, where the Serbs are helping the Montenegrins, and at Gallipoli the Bulgars have stopped the Turkish forward move. But there is no news from Epirus, Adrianople, or Chatalja. Nor are the Young Turks likely to take a vigorous offensive. On the contrary, there is talk of a new peace envoy. The Ambassadors are still talking busily, but nothing much seems to have come of the Austrian Emperor's letter to the Tsar.

Grand Admiral von Tirpitz's speech to the Reichstag Committee is important. For the present Germany accepts Mr. Churchill's 60 per cent. formula. That means there is to be no new German Navy Law, for fresh German construction would be answered by a two-peels-to-one policy. Further, the formula applies to the North Sea only, and will cease to serve when our pre-Dreadnoughts no longer count. Press talk about a permanent agreement on a sixteen-to-ten basis is thus quite off the point. Besides Germany is left free to add to her army and is about to do it, while our military position cannot be strengthened so long as we stick to voluntary enlistment.

The Army revolt in Mexico, resulting in the release of General Felix Diaz, the nephew of the ex-President, has been followed by a civil war. General Diaz is at the head of the insurgents, and President Madero is hard put to it to hold the capital. News is so obviously tainted at its source that trust in the reports from Mexico City is impossible. When it is said that President Madero is confident of his ability to drive back the rebels immediately, and that General Diaz is more than holding the position he has won, we may draw our own conclusions. The only certain thing about the situation is that General Diaz has secured possession of the arsenal and army factory, and that the loss of life and damage to property are serious enough to warrant the protests of the diplomatic corps, to which

neither side pays any heed. The United States may be called on, and is preparing to intervene, though it would not be surprising at any moment to learn that Mexico City had fallen to General Diaz. Perhaps the best thing that could happen.

The attempt to fix upon the outgoing County Council the blame for leaving the Mall-Charing Cross clearance unfinished is probably an electioneering move of the Government in favour of their friends the Progressives. The matter really lies in the hands of the Office of Works. They built the arch, and if they want people to see it, it is for them to effect the necessary clearance. The County Council have made repeated offers to co-operate. Two years ago their offers were rudely rejected. We wish that Sir Aston Webb had been more precise in his allusion to Mr. George Drummond's "generous" offer. The offer was more businesslike than "generous", and the ratepayers would have found it expensive.

The veronal inquest ended yesterday in an open verdict. The jury found that Trevanion died from an overdose of veronal; how and by whom administered there was no evidence to show. The Coroner, summing up, insisted that Roe had both the motive and the opportunity for murder; but insisted equally that there was no serious evidence that murder had been committed. The verdict, in the Coroner's opinion, was everyway justified.

At the inquest on the City policeman who was killed by a motor-omnibus while on point duty there was an attempt to show that there had been some breach of regulations by the constables. It came to nothing, however. The jury's verdict was "Accidental death"; and that Legood was driving with reasonable care. But Legood, they thought, had not sufficient experience on less frequented roads before driving in the City, which is rather a reflexion on the motor companies. Of several recommendations one was that vehicles at crossings should be limited to a moderate pace.

After many days' hearing, the action arising out of the mysterious Lady Anne Ponsonby picture by Gainsborough ended with the breakdown of the plaintiff's case. It was an extraordinary story that a picture worth over £8000 should have been allowed by Mr. Engledow, the tenant of Burton Hall, to disappear and that it should afterwards come into the possession of Mr. Damer Allen, the representative of a branch of the same family as the plaintiff, and be sold by Mr. Allen to Messrs. Agnew. There really seems either to have been two pictures of Lady Anne Ponsonby or another of Lady Charlotte Ponsonby in existence; but of the picture in Court the Judge remarked that the Allen family had been able to prove the longest alibi he ever remembered.

What has become of the other picture which, the plaintiff believes, disappeared from Burton Hall? Mr. Engledow is of course as much absolved by the judgment from any suspicion of wrong-dealing with the Allen picture as is the memory of Mr. Allen himself. But the actual judgment does not clear up the mystery of the second picture. This must be regarded as a still open question, and if Mr. Burton has not had enough law, he may bring another action. Only it is fair to say that Mr. Healy, for Mr. Engledow, asserted that he was prepared to rebut every allegation made against his client as to the tenancy.

Sir George Reid represented the best traditions of the Scottish school. He was a fine technician, an honest and strong portrait painter. His colour too had the true instinctive quality. On Reid, moreover, Raeburn was not a regrettable influence, as he has been on some Scotch portraitists. The candour and sincerity characterising Reid's best men portraits entirely prevent their being the academic, "rugged, forceful" type. They have a solidity and a certain depth that in an assemblage of the best contemporary work always give them distinct rank.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE ANTARCTIC.

THERE surely never can have been two polar expeditions so nearly related in time, place, and result, which were yet so widely separated by their fortunes as those commanded by Captain Amundsen and Captain Scott. The Norwegian's account of his journey to the Pole read more like a winter's holiday ramble amid the Alps than a desperate struggle thousands of miles from the possibility of human assistance. We have yet to learn details of Captain Scott's methods, on which a final judgment may be founded, but the factors which apparently wrought the amazing difference in results were equipment, ill-health, and finally weather. In equipment Amundsen relied entirely on the plain dog-sledge and the ski, and it was undoubtedly the combination of the two which was responsible for the wonderful record he set up for the journey. The ski not only permitted progress over soft snow, by which unshod men might have been exhausted, but gave greater safety amid crevasses, and, most important of all, enabled the top speed of the dogs to be utilised when the conditions were favourable. Amundsen speaks of having been towed for hundreds of miles towards the Pole behind a sledge, and the speed thus attained reduced, by every day saved, the necessary perils of an advancing season. Scott also had ski, he had dogs and he had mules, he had ponies, and he had likewise sledges of a peculiar construction, on which he reported favourably; but we do not yet know on which modes of conveyance he finally relied. Amundsen was and is irrevocably of the opinion that the dog is the only beast of burden appropriate to the task. The country provides food for him in the shape of seal meat, which can be stored in season at the advance depots; his weight is more safely distributed for travelling amongst crevasses; a team can be extricated piecemeal if it should disappear; he can stand any cold without requiring shelter; individual ill-health is a less serious matter; and in the last resort you can feed him to his fellows, and eat him with appetite yourself. Amundsen's exact calculation of his team work, and the consequent perfect condition of his dogs, went far towards ensuring success; while, so far as we can judge from the present meagre accounts, Captain Scott's animals failed him, and the three survivors appear to have reached their last resting-place dragging their own sledges, a predicament which might account for their inability to cover the short distance which they knew divided them from comparative safety.

Yet it may easily prove that though the motive power of the expedition might have been improved, and might even have been responsible for its tardy progress, the final disaster must be referred to the failure of some other factor, and it is not difficult to imagine what this may have been. In such work every unfavourable circumstance but one can be considered and provision made for every other contingency. Supplies and transport are calculated on a basis of the roughest going and the worst weather, the most broken surface and the most blinding gales. Health is the one thing for whose failure one cannot allow. A certain proportion of disease can be provided for among the animals, but the protracted health of the men must be assumed. Drugs are of very little value; some half-dozen are all that need be taken. The common ills of mankind seldom penetrate to the Antarctic, and those peculiar to it demand other means of cure. If strain, fracture, scurvy, or frost-bite seriously impairs the vitality of one member of an expedition at a critical period, the safety of the remainder is most certainly compromised.

Every dog has to die the very day it cannot do its work, and every man so circumstanced has to die or almost certainly to cause the death of others. How magnificently that alternative was rejected by Captain Oates, the transport officer of the expedition, is the most heroic incident in the long tragic struggle. Oates' valour was an attested thing; war had proved it. But

the valour of hot blood does not always run so generously in frozen veins, and the man who in health is capable at any moment of trenchant sacrifice cannot always, when ill, depend on his nobler impulses. Oates won in South Africa the proudest epithet a soldier can desire. He was for his fellows the man who preferred death to surrender. He preferred it just as simply and unconsciously at the South Pole. He would not weaken his comrades' purpose, nor strain their tenderness by so much as a farewell. Nothing more dramatic has ever been conceived in art than those quiet words of his with which he went to his death, after waking from a sleep which he had hoped would be the end of him—"I am just going outside, and I may be some time". He knew that the men with him were as brave as he, and that it had therefore fallen to his lot to make the sacrifice, and he has purchased an imperishable name by the way he made it. So long as men remember those uninhabitable wastes, or still strengthen their souls by thoughts of human bravery, there shall the thing that he did be told for a memorial of him, a memorial more enduring than any wreath of laurel or of bay. But the expedition had probably received its death-stroke before Captain Oates sickened, and certainly long before he died. We do not know how soon after leaving the Pole Seaman Evans fell ill, but plainly long enough seriously to overwork his companions while still on the plateau, and possibly on the long uphill slant to the height of land against the northerly gales which seem to have been encountered.

Captain Scott makes but a single reference to the self-sacrifice on behalf of an ailing comrade, for which they all had to pay with their lives, but it is plain that he clearly realised what it cost them. The chain of security had snapt at the one link it was impossible to strengthen; the one event had happened against which no human foresight could provide. "Things have come out against us", that is all in the hour of defeat the intrepid leader could say about them. He and those with him had done all they could; they had been beaten by no lapse in knowledge, forethought, courage, or endurance. The hand of fate had been set against their faces, thrusting them down to die in that lonely tent beneath the snow, for, as so often happens in the Polar story, there is always a sequence to disaster, nothing ever goes wrong alone. One might even, perhaps, go back to that first loss of ponies in March 1911, and say that by this the expedition was doomed. Had Captain Scott been able to start when he had intended, and that date was doubtless the earliest the season would have allowed, he and his successful rival would have been starting for the Pole together, and it is hardly possible that there could have been, in the short distance that divided them, any appreciable difference in the weather. For each the first part of the journey lay over the barrier ice, and there was little likelihood of the surface being worse on the western side of the bay, though nearer the mainland the pressure ridges may have been more pronounced. The Beardmore Glacier does not appear to have presented more difficulties than the icy rivers over which Amundsen climbed to the plateau, and it offered the further advantage of having been crossed before; while, to judge from Sir Ernest Shackleton's account of the plateau, there is little difference in its trend or surface southward from any point in the great rampart of the hills.

Thus, had Captain Scott been able to start when he intended, he would in all likelihood have met Captain Amundsen at the Pole, or at least have arrived there sufficiently early to share the fine weather which enabled the Norwegian explorer to make light of the return journey. But in the month which had been lost the conditions altered. Instead of days so warm that furs became an impossible burden, and nights of unlooked-for mildness, the British party were confronted with increasingly foul weather from the moment they turned northward, culminating in the blizzard in which they died. Yet even with that and the terrible handicap of a sick comrade, they might have fought their way through but for the inexplic-

able change which had taken place in the surface of the barrier ice since they crossed it in December. Captain Amundsen reported no such change; indeed he found it on the whole improved by the snow that had fallen, so that one is forced to attribute the alteration to the lateness of the season affecting the pressure in some as yet unobserved way. Thus from that one disaster to the ponies difficulty upon difficulty was evolved. Captain Amundsen could keep to his dates; Captain Scott could not. The difference proved to be just that between triumphant success and heroic failure. But failure may, of the two, be crowned with the more splendid memories, and defeat prove a greater inspiration than victory. The proudest conquerors over the neglect of Time are not the men who have won their battles, but the men who have lost them gloriously. Had that gallant little band come back from the Antarctic, London might have given them a triumphal entry. Because they have died there they have won their way, not into the forgetful streets of a city, but into that eternal vista of the mind of man, down which the fame of their unfaltering manliness shall be handed.

MR. MAXSE'S CASE.

"*M*Y Lords, this case seems to me really too plain for argument." Lord Bramwell's introduction (we are not sure the quotation is textual) to his judgment on a case which his brethren found highly complex seems to us to apply very well to Mr. Maxse's position before the Marconi Committee. There has been extraordinary excitement about the matter, some legal learning displayed, lively argument, and a great deal of feeling. Feeling we can understand. Where honour is touched there must be feeling, or there ought to be; and this is a matter of honour. There indeed it begins and ought to end. Certain persons gave Mr. Maxse information in confidence. Mr. Maxse agreed to treat their names as confidential. He was free to disclose the purport of their communications but not the names of the communicants. He is asked to disclose these names. He answers that he cannot, the information being given to him confidentially. What other answer was possible to a gentleman? For the life of us we cannot see that any decent man in Mr. Maxse's position had any choice as to what he should answer. If a man is not to regard himself as bound by confidences to which he has made himself a party, there is an end of society. Comradeship, friendship, even acquaintanceship is undermined. It is the essential condition of social existence; therefore no interest is superior to it. If the duty to observe confidences clashed with any other duty, we do not admit that that would make a case for breach of confidence. Pleaded in excuse, it might be good extenuation, but it could not be valid. Therefore we hold that it makes no difference that a confidence given interferes with public business; or that the circumstances are peculiar or of special solemnity; or even that observation of confidence will bring the observer up against the law, or, more truly, up against a court. You have accepted a confidence; as a decent man, you cannot break it. That is really all that needs to be said about Mr. Maxse's case.

We do not see the need to plead privilege for Mr. Maxse, as has been done. Privilege, legally, is where certain consequences will not happen which would happen if the same thing were done or said in circumstances not privileged. This does not hold at all of Mr. Maxse's refusal to give up the names of his communicants. His position as an editor is not the justification of his refusal. If it were wrong for him to refuse in any case, it would still be wrong for him though he were an editor. Neither could his position of editor get him off any consequences that might happen to him were he not one. It is technically wrong to plead privilege for him; also it is to lower his whole position in the matter. But the idea that his case turns on his editorial responsibility is a natural misapprehension. It would be painfully inconvenient to anybody to have to violate a confidence, but more

so to an editor than to most men because he is more often the receiver of confidences and generally could not get that which he most desires—exclusive information—except under confidential conditions. The life of a man in any way connected with newspapers would not be worth living if he could not or did not refrain from disclosing that which was told him on the assumption that he would not disclose it. Who would talk to a journalist of any kind in such circumstances? No one would feel safe in the same room with him. The observance of confidence is obviously vital to a journalist; but if less obviously vital to other men, the difference is of degree not of kind. Some men would suffer for a lapse in confidence only in their honour; an editor suffers in his business; which would soon come to an end if he could not be trusted to keep secrets. His business is, or ought to be, to inform the public for the public good. It is not the business of the private person; the private person is entitled to say he was not born to set the world right. If he sees a public man or a public department going wrong, he is not bound to take upon himself the burden, which may become invidium and odium, of setting either right. He is not bound to proclaim the fact and call the world's attention to it. He is not to be blamed if, desiring as a conscientious man to do something to amend a mischief, he unheroically prefers to do it under the cover of a newspaper rather than in his own name. He has a right to go to an editor and ask him to expose the matter, keeping his informant's name private. If the editor, on careful consideration, is satisfied that the case is one that ought to be taken up, he is under a duty to do it and take the consequences. He is not free, as is the private person, to leave it alone or shelter himself behind the name of somebody else. One of his most useful, or least harmful, vocations is to undertake responsibilities which the private person is entitled to shirk. This he can not do if he is to disclose the private person's name to the first committee that asks him. Mr. Maxse's stand is essentially one in the public interest. There may, of course, be confidences given to an editor which ought not to be given. To tell an editor in confidence that which you have been told in confidence or confidentially to show him a confidential State paper is inexcusable. A right-minded editor will be on his guard against such conduct and will refuse to make use of confidences of the kind. Also, he will discriminate. There are statements which a man ought not to make at all if he is not willing to back them with his name. An editor should refuse to accept such information as confidential. But all this does not affect the main proposition that a confidence once given and accepted must be observed.

What is an editor's position when he is called upon to prove a statement that rests on evidence which he cannot produce because it is confidential? One sapient authority tells us that "the line of proof must be one which dispenses altogether with the reference to unnamed persons". That is to say, the editor must be able to make out his case by means of evidence independent of the evidence obtained confidentially. Surely this simple person can see that if the editor could establish his point without the information given by the parties whose names he is not in honour free to give up, he would from the beginning dispense with the confidential information altogether. In short, it would come to an editor refusing to make any use of confidential evidence; precisely what this same authority says he need not do. No; the editor's position is thus. Satisfied that certain information is true, he bases his case upon it; but he is unable, when called on, to produce his authorities, because he has undertaken not to do it. His case cannot be proved without them; he cannot produce them; therefore his case breaks down and fails. He must take the consequence. He has done nothing wrong: he is merely unfortunate. To say that he ought to withdraw because he cannot produce his proofs is absurd. He would be acting not only unwisely but dishonestly.

One need not be very angry with the committee

for trying to get Mr. Maxse to give up the names. They were riding for a painfully nasty fall; that is their look-out. Mr. Maxse does not mind. They were laying up for themselves a terrific snub; that, too, is their look-out. Mr. Asquith does not care. They have generally made themselves exceedingly ridiculous—they are the laughing-stock of London—but they are absurd because they failed. As an inquiring body they were right to wish to get *all* the evidence bearing on the issue. They were justified in trying by every means to get at Mr. Maxse's authorities. But they should have reckoned their chances of success. They went to war with Mr. Maxse without counting the cost, and now they are paying and not he. They might have guessed that he would not be frightened into disclosing confidences by spectres of the Bar of the House of Commons or the Clock-tower or any nonsense of that sort. They would have done better had they politely asked him to get his informants to remove the confidence under which their information had been given.

THE TERRITORIAL FAILURE.

THE failure of the Territorial Army is at last admitted by the Government. No other interpretation can be placed on Lord Herschell's statement in the House of Lords that deficiencies in the Territorial ranks may in future be made good by the incorporation of members of the National Reserve. It is a particularly humiliating admission on the part of the Government. In the last six years we have had a plethora of speeches from Lord Haldane and his satellites, telling us how well the Territorial scheme was progressing, and how fine a warlike weapon that body was becoming. On the other hand, the National Reserve was begun as a private enterprise, with little official encouragement, a generous donation of one shilling per man being all that the Exchequer was prepared to give. Now in order to bolster up what every independent observer admits has proved a failure, the Government, in search for some expedient by which men can be obtained, has had recourse to the National Reserve. They will meet the disinclination of young men to take their share of the national burden by calling upon their elders. Even so the terms offered are mean in the extreme. Five shillings will be offered to men who engage to serve, and ten shillings for those who engage to serve abroad. What a spectacle to the world! More undignified still is the missionary campaign of the Director of the Territorial Force, who is sent stumping round the country to "cadge" for recruits; and the Territorial dancing clubs which have been instituted for the same purpose. Yet those who venture to bring before the nation the true state of affairs are anti-patriots!

The House of Lords debate was extremely disappointing. Lord Midleton and Lord Lansdowne urged the Government to put party politics aside for once, and really try, with the help of the Opposition, to place our home defence force on a sound basis. This was ignored. The Government speakers had no better answer than to attempt to cast upon the Opposition the odium, as they consider it, of advocating a system of compulsory military service, a point which did not arise out of Lord Midleton's question. We had again all the platitudes as to compulsion. It would adversely affect recruiting for the Voluntary Army, and the cost would be prohibitive. The former argument is pure conjecture, necessarily unsupported by any evidence whatsoever. The weight of probability, however, is all the other way. Unfortunately, as it has ever been in our Army, the majority of those who enlist do so because they can find no suitable employment in civil life. Moreover the age at which all compulsorily raised levies are taken in all countries is twenty. But the young men who enlist in the Regular Army do so usually under twenty; as is proved by the difficulty of finding drafts every year for the oversea army, no man being rightly sent to India until he has reached

the age of twenty. How then would the institution of some form of compulsion affect the Voluntary Army? This is again surmise, yet equally likely; but might not the institution of compulsory service make some men, who before dreaded the idea of becoming soldiers, take a liking to the job, and induce them to join the Regular Army? Again, as to cost. We are unfortunately always hampered by the absurdly high estimate of the cost of compulsion prepared at the War Office, under the auspices of Mr. Arnold-Forster. We stated at the time that that estimate was extravagant; and we see no reason for altering our opinion after hearing Lord Haldane's observations on the subject. We place no reliance on the Government statement that the Defence Committee and the Army Council are satisfied with affairs as they stand. The Defence Committee has become a huge body wherein members of the Government and Government permanent officials outnumber the expert element by generally two to one, as can be seen by anyone who reads in the daily papers the names of the individuals who attend those conferences; whilst, as regards the Army Council, we know well that the service members who venture to disagree with their political chiefs will receive the same treatment as was meted out to Sir Francis Bridgeman. We spend annually some fifty millions on education; and Lord Midleton was quite justified in arguing that we might with propriety demand some small return for this expenditure by asking those who benefit by it to give up a few months and weeks to the service of their country. Apart from the military aspect of the subject, too, it is surely unfair to ask employers of labour who give their employees special facilities to enable them to serve in the Territorials to cripple themselves permanently as against their less patriotic confrères; nor is it fair to ask the more patriotic and enterprising employees to bear the burden which should be borne by the nation at large. Were some form of compulsion instituted, the burden would necessarily fall equally upon all concerned; and this would be not the least of the benefits which the inauguration of compulsion would confer on the nation.

The question now arises what form that compulsion should take; and in this connexion we would urge on all those who hold these views to work in unison. Otherwise no definite results can ever be achieved. We have always gone beyond the aims of the National Service League; but for once we are willing to compromise, if unity can be attained. The "military correspondent" of the "Times" has recently outlined a scheme; and incidentally we are glad to notice that even he has at last abandoned the Haldane fetish. He proposes the plan adopted in certain of the Dominions that from the ages of twelve to eighteen progress in military training should be grafted on the system of national education. He then proposes a four months' period of training with an additional annual period of some weeks to follow, with liability to serve abroad in case of war; or, if that cannot be faced, a system of bounties to bind men to do so. This scheme, as far as it goes, has our cordial sympathy. The cadet system of training must make for good in whatever light it may be looked upon; and although the Government spokesmen in the House of Lords would not commit themselves to anything beyond pious aspirations, we are glad to see that Lord Lansdowne cordially supported it. But we make this criticism of Colonel Repington's scheme. Presumably the four months' continuous training would take place about the age of eighteen. This, however, might really justify the contention that compulsion would affect adversely recruiting for the Imperial Army. We should prefer the continuous period of training not to take effect until the levies had reached the age of twenty, so as not to interfere with those who were likely to join the Regular Army, as we know it to-day. If the groundwork of military training were imparted in youth, we do not think this two years' break would operate detrimentally. We still maintain that a year's continuous training, such as we have always advocated, would be the more satisfactory. But in view of the

necessity for all advocates of a complete change of policy as regards the Territorials falling into line and combining in one common object, we are willing to agree to a six months' period, superadded to the cadet's course of training, with the liability to serve abroad in case of grave national emergency.

THE CRISIS IN JAPAN.

ON Monday last there was riot and bloodshed in Tokio. The ugly dénouement was inevitable: it was the bursting of a storm. Probably the only man in Tokio who did not, or would not, foresee its coming was the man who may be said to be the immediate cause of it—Prince Katsura. It is a vital quarrel. In Japan party is not arrayed against party. What has happened is that the entire representative body has ranged itself against the Cabinet. The issue, in short, is the Diet versus the Government. And with that issue is bound up the whole question of Japan's naval and military policy.

A few weeks ago a proposal to increase the army in Korea by two divisions brought matters to a head. Unable to get his way, the Minister for War resigned. As no other could be found to take his place—the Minister for War must be a general on the active list—the Marquis Saionji, with his Cabinet, was obliged to follow suit. Evidently, in the circumstances, only a Ministry the head of which stood well with the militarists could meet the situation. Accordingly Prince Katsura was called from the comparative seclusion of his post as Grand Chamberlain in the Imperial Household to take up the reins of government for the third time. The Prince, of course, is one of the pillars of the militarist party, if not its head and front; he forms a member of that potent but narrowing circle, the Genro, or elder statesmen; to his credit, on the Japanese side, lies the making of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; and it was he that governed through the perilous times of the Russian war. What better choice could have been made?

However, it was just here that the trouble began. Japan's nearest approach to Constitutional government had been under the regime of the Marquis Saionji, who enjoyed the support of the Seiyukai—the largest party in the Diet, with 215 seats out of 379, commanding of itself a majority in the House of Representatives. In the leadership of this "Constitutionalist" party Saionji succeeded the late Prince Ito in 1903, and has acted in that capacity ever since. Now this party is called upon to champion the policy of the man who ousted its leader from office. Formed to promote the cause of "Constitutional" government, it is invited to identify itself with the military party. And it is urged to do this with all the force of an Imperial Rescript.

Here then lies the secret of Prince Katsura's attempt to form "a new party". He was in the position of a Premier without a majority. Such things have happened before in Japan, but the day of the powerless Diet is fast passing, if indeed it be not past. Ministers in the past have sought to pursue a "non-party" policy, or, as Katsura once described it, a policy of "indiscriminate friendship" for all parties. In his previous terms of office, by personal understandings with the party leaders and by playing off the Seiyukai against the rest, the astute and masterful Prince succeeded admirably. This time the device has failed. The manœuvres by which the militarists achieved the fall of the Saionji Cabinet—manœuvres of which Prince Katsura is believed to have been more than cognisant—had the effect of converting the attitude of the Seiyukai from one of neutrality to one of antagonism. At an enthusiastic meeting held last month in Tokio, a "Constitution Protection Society" was formed of all the parties. Thus, when the day for the opening of the Session drew near, the Diet was found to present a solid front to the enemy. The belated official attempt to form a Ministerial party proved a farce, and the few seceders, on leaving the Parliament House, received rough handling from the mob.

It must not be supposed that all this is the work of political agitators. Politics are the burning topic. In all the large centres crowded meetings have been held, where the more violent the sentiments the greater the applause. Speakers who have gone so far as to advocate assassination have had their speeches cut short by the police. Without a doubt, the Constitutionalists have the country behind them, and this has given their movement its driving-power. To this fact also, if the latest news may be accepted, the bureaucracy has at length awakened. Prince Katsura has decided to bow before the storm. It is significant to note that, though the Marquis Saionji declines to enter once more upon office, the new Premier, Admiral Count Yamamoto, is his nominee and a Vice-President of the Seiyukai. In other words, the initial success of the militarists has, by popular pressure, been turned into a rout. We have seen the last of government by "indiscriminate friendship": the party system in Japan—for better or for worse—has come to stay.

The present political crisis assumes its bitterness and weight because it follows on, and forms part of, financial stringency. When, in the struggle with Russia, the national life was at stake, the burden was cheerfully borne. With no such danger threatening the people have looked for relief. They have looked in vain. The new Budget foreshadows a "readjustment", not a reduction, of taxation; and the best that Katsura had to offer by way of retrenchment was the cessation of public works calling for fresh outlay of capital and the postponement of railway extensions and improvements. When therefore the *civis Japonicus*, saddled already with a naval increment scheme of forty millions sterling, found the army chiefs demanding expansion on their side also, endurance could go no further.

The triumph of what may be deemed the moderate element in Japanese public life will exert a considerable influence on Japanese foreign policy. We may take it that the position of Japan as an island-Power and as a Pacific Power will be maintained at all costs. On this (as in our own case) her national existence depends, and the opening of the Panama Canal will serve but to emphasise the fact. Such retrenchment as is effected will take place at the expense of her land forces. No further adventures on the Asiatic continent would be countenanced by the Japanese people, and from the defensive point of view the Japanese position is already very strong. Closer relations with China, commercial and political, will certainly be cultivated. Japan will consolidate her position and secure her rear, that she may be free to participate in the development of the Pacific area and, if necessary, in any struggle which this may involve.

THE CITY.

STOCK markets have been very uneasy this week. The imminence of the New Zealand loan following upon the recent glut of new issues, and the dearness of money, have depressed gilt-edged securities. Unsatisfactory reports of the political situation in the Near East disturbed the Continental bourses, and then signs of weakness in the Foreign Railway department caused a sharp spasm of nervousness throughout the Stock Exchange. It is understood that a syndicate who were bulls of Brazil Railway Common at 110 found difficulty in providing additional margin when the quotation fell to 85. The position looked somewhat serious until it was learned that important interests had come to the assistance of the speculators in question, and that their stock would not be thrown upon the market. The heavy decline that has occurred in Brazil Common, coupled with the recent slump in Mexican North-Western bonds, directed unfavourable attention to Farquhar stocks in general. Entre Rios stocks declined, and even the Argentine rails, which are not under Farquhar domination, joined in the downward movement. The news that influential interests were taking charge of the Brazil Common situation,

however, inspired confidence, and a partial recovery promptly followed.

Fortunately there was no actual pressure of liquidation. Although the markets are pretty well sold out, it is extremely doubtful whether dealers would have been prepared to support prices if any appreciable amount of stock had been thrown out. The public is doing nothing in the markets at present. A certain amount of investment business is always in progress, but apart from that and a very small volume of professional transactions, the Stock Exchange is idle. Even in the Nigerian tin section, where some spasmodic upward movements have been recorded, the market is very narrow.

Mexican troubles are reflected to some extent in Wall Street. Canadian financiers are also interested in many Mexican undertakings. Canadian Pacifics have been a weak feature.

It would be easy to exaggerate the significance of the uneasiness that is felt on the Stock Exchange, but, on the other hand, without stretching the imagination, it is possible to trace connecting links between the various unfavourable factors that have been enumerated. Canadian municipal borrowing, the failure of many recent issues, the dearness of money, and the fall in Consols may reasonably be mentioned in one breath; Canadian Pacific stock may be regarded as the "Consols" of Canada; the Farquhar-Pearson group is the link between Canada and many public-utility companies in Mexico and South America, to say nothing of the ambitious South American railway schemes recently evolved by the Farquhar syndicate.

In order to avoid exaggerating unfavourable factors, however, it is necessary to point out the encouraging side of the situation. It must be recognised that the Farquhar interests are backed by a very powerful group of international bankers in London, Berlin, Paris and New York, whose resources are almost unlimited. Moreover, the long abstention of the public here, on the Continent, and in America from the speculative markets is a strong bull point. Any weak spots that may exist are isolated and can be effectively handled if support should be necessary. The public are in the fortunate position of being able to take advantage of any decline that might occur, and bargain-hunters are eagerly awaiting an opportunity of making favourable purchases.

The consequence is that the technical condition of general markets is strong, and a serious slump in quotations is the last probability in the situation. Professional dealers are nervous simply because, owing to the prevailing inactivity, they have so much time to discuss and magnify any unfavourable factor that may arise.

It is easy to conceive a complete change of sentiment at an early date. The assurance of peace in the Balkans would release a large amount of wealth on the Continent and elsewhere which has been locked up as a precaution. The release would relieve the tension, and the natural optimism of professional dealers would soon infect the general public, which has a large accumulation of savings ready for remunerative employment.

The Anglo-Russian Trust, Limited, offer the balance of the authorised capital of the Armavir-Touapse Railway—whose 4½ per cent. bonds are guaranteed by the Russian Government—at 97½ per cent.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE LAND.—V.

BY GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

WHEN a man is assailing or defending a principle or a practice, it is well now and then to look into his motive. Motive can convict or convince us not less than logic. I have been turning over my own motives in writing this series on the land, and shall touch on them in this article, for they are to the point. Of course there is the motive, a mainspring motive among most of us, without which Johnson said

a man was a blockhead to write at all. But it hardly needs considering here, for at least as much money—if not a good deal more—is to be made, I suppose, by railing at the landowner and the land system as by saying a few words in their favour. There is more fame too, if one is out for fame, in attacking than in defending an "antiquated" thing such as the land tradition. Lord Morley startled us with a biting epigram the other day when he said you might as well talk to the House of Lords about land as talk to a butcher about meat in Lent. What precisely did he mean? A cynic might suggest that Lord Morley meant to say both parties want very much to sell their stuff—the butcher his meat, the Peer his land. Anyhow, what tells in the aphorism is the attack—there is its grain of radium. Is it not always a thousand times more telling to call men butchers than to call them angels in Lent?

It may be said "Oh, you believe in the land tradition, of course, because you were born and reared under it". I was: I am of the earth, I fear, too earthly. But to be born and bred under the English land system does not necessarily imply fame or fortune. Far from it! It has implied the opposite, for example, in my case. I have not made, I do not look to make, anything out of it. From the standpoint of self-interest it is hardly likely then that I should wish to champion the tradition; and it is conceivable, it is quite easily conceivable, that I might have been substantially better off, and might not have needed to work so hard, under some luckier star.

So far, then, as the motive of self-interest pure and simple goes, I can afford to regard the land tradition in as detached a spirit as I regard the question of the North Sea trawlers or the affairs of the Duchy of Lancaster. Yet it is probably true that I believe in the land system on the whole—and believe that the best way to settle a large body of small freeholders on the soil is to add them to that system—because I was born and bred under it. Sentiment comes in through the strong old ties and dreams of childhood. Sentiment comes in through an intense admiration for the loveliness of much English scenery as we have it to-day; that glorious medley of wood and park and common and great and little fields and lanes and hedgerows—the blend which is due to the system.

But I know that sense enters in still more than sensibility. One has seen the hard practice of the land from earliest youth and been immensely impressed by that. One has seen its realities, good and ill, and recognised that here is a massive, working arrangement; a thing that has flaws, inequalities and many shortcomings; yet a thing under which England has beyond all dispute thriven and gone forward; and a thing that has slowly and surely evolved and adapted itself—obstinately, grudgingly at times, still adapted itself—to changing habit and thought.

It has been proved, by seven or eight hundred years of doing, that there is an unfailing supply of bread and butter at all events in the thing: whereas there is not an eight-hundredth part of that experience to show for a moment that bread and butter is in one of the wild-cat chimeras which we are asked to put in its place—the chimeras that are mostly "red in tooth and claw with ravin".

In a matter like the land, in a matter like bread and butter, what piffle theory does appear to be when set beside practice! It is like a drastic and effective Act of Parliament in full going order set beside one of the little woodeny bloodless figures of a bill which Tenniel and Leech and the "Punch" cartoonists have often made play with. It is like the pack of cards which Alice defied in Wonderland. After all, the only apotheosis for a land principle is in its practice.

Sentiment comes in again, I admit, when I turn to the farm and village worker. Most of my earliest friends wore corduroy and hob-nails; cow-boys on the freeholders' common, wirers and trappers, game-keepers and mowers, lesser gardeners and weavers, hurdlers and wood-cutters, carrier-cart drivers.

With Cade in "Henry VI.", I liked the clouted shoon.

I cared for little but books indoors, and birds and shooting and ponies and low company out of doors. Intimacy with this class of worker gave me the notion that the English village worker was full of curious, strong, racy character; coarse no doubt like the flour of which they made the most wholesome bread, brutal often in his imagery and anecdote, but full on the whole of good human substance, flint as well as clay in it. I knew also every village had its wretched wastrels and doomed failures and weaklings. All the experience I have had of the English villager since those days has simply gone to strengthen those early impressions. I still believe in the clouted shoon, and that largely the future and safety of England depend on this class.

Mr. Bodley in his work on France speaks of the passion of the French peasant for the soil—the passion above all to own the soil. It is spoken of by many writers, who tell how the people will stint and work their fingers to the bone to cultivate and keep their bits of land. The truth indeed is clear to anyone who has travelled through France. It is never clearer than when one wakes at early dawn on the way south and sees the peasants hurrying out to their loved toil. The clouted shoon of England has not this reputation and inheritance. But its knowledge of the land, its love for the land, are far greater than people imagine. There is nothing in the life of the country that of late years has struck me more than the land skill and deep and true land lore of many English villagers. With co-operation there are many thousands of them to-day who could make two grains grow next year where only one grain grows now. They would be strong on the land, but they are not quite strong enough to get it. Many of them want it intensely; I believe they want it as intensely as the Irish or the French, only they are less articulate about it. The story that the English villager only wants to rent little parcels of land, and not to own, is the most absurd ever told about even the land. Tell us he wants to rent his hat! If we wish the English villagers to stay upon the land we must make a large number of them hold the land. It is idle—if it is not hypocrisy, the hypocrisy of "putting-off" things—to murmur kindly platitude about better wages by and by, kindlier farmers, kindlier seasons. Even assume the wage is raised by kindlier farmers or kindlier Governments to twenty shillings, even to four-and-twenty, the villager will still turn away to the town.

To keep him to the soil, you must give him a real chance to share in the soil. Those who want to put off the whole question, and some day see whether something cannot in some way or other be done to raise his wage somewhat, would only give the villager "the wages of going on and not to die". That may be enough for Virtue—it is not enough for the villager.

Mr. Hardy has reminded me lately that this question of the land is touched on in "Tess". I have read part of that great book again, and found the moving passage where we see the Durbeyfields and their order forced like water by machines against its own level upward to the towns. We must use machinery to bring back the Durbeyfields.

"IS IT WORTH IT?"

BY FILSON YOUNG.

THE power to realise an unfamiliar and remote condition of things is given to few people. To do so involves an application of imagination to facts, and the projection of one's own power of thinking and feeling into the mind and circumstances of other people. Our present system of education develops the faculty for acquiring facts, but it discourages the imagination, by which alone any large use can be made of them. The news of a tragedy such as that which is at present occupying the thoughts of Englishmen, makes a direct demand upon the imagination. The known facts are extraordinarily bare. The ordinary

man learns that a party of four explorers, none of whom he has ever seen, made a journey over a tract of earth unknown and uninhabited, in climatic conditions of which he has no experience, living physically in a manner in which he has never seen men living; that in the course of their journey these four men died of cold, hunger, and disease; that another party of men, their comrades, went months afterwards to search for them, found their dead bodies and, collecting their trifling possessions and the scraps of writing which were the sole apparent fruit of their mission, left them, in the frozen attitudes in which they died, to sleep for ever in the white solitude of that stark and silent world. Microscopic black specks moving over a snow-white infinity, and then ceasing to move; another group of black specks moving towards them, pausing, moving away again, and vanishing—and that is all.

The man of little imagination takes the conventional cue and loudly applauds the performance. "Magnificent", he says, and feels his heart stirred and uplifted. The man of somewhat greater imagination, who dimly perceives something of the agony and trouble and bitter pain of those movements of the specks across the snow, being also honest with himself, cannot help wondering whether it was all worth while; whether all that grandly heroic endurance, all those marvellous powers of patience, of courage, of caution, of dash, of foresight, and minute organisation, might not have been employed to some end that would have more clearly furthered the happiness or progress of the human race. It is quite impossible to estimate the exact moral value of such a story. We know what human beings are; we know how deeply a story like this stirs us, how it occupies the newspapers and talk of men for a week or more—and how soon it is forgotten. What is Franklin now but a name? What is any one of the great company that perished heroically with him? Not even a name. What is André, who sailed away in a balloon into the Northern sky, and was never seen or heard of again? Barely a name. Yet these men also sacrificed ease and comfort and life as we knew it, risked and gave life even as they knew it, for the sake of trying to do something that it was difficult to do. Was it worth it, and if so, in what way, and why was it worth it?

For once the man of no imagination who takes his cue from convention is right, and he who, because he imagines and understands far better the extent of the price paid, doubts the usefulness of it, is wrong. But that is where it becomes important to understand the nature of the service that these men have rendered to their country and race. We have heard a great deal about the splendid scientific results of this expedition; that the collection of bits of rock, and specimens of soil, and records of temperature and pressures and wind forces that have been achieved will, when analysed and sifted and applied to man's existing knowledge of natural phenomena, greatly increase his comprehension of his terrestrial environment, and advance his power to live in harmony with it. That may be. It is for scientists to judge. It is at best the utilitarian point of view; and I take leave to suggest that in estimating the human result of this story of effort and misery and death, it is an almost negligible factor. This is often called a utilitarian age; and so it is, in the sense that there is a great tendency to judge things by what are their practical, that is to say their material results. (And "material" is only a priggish way of expressing value in money.) Judged by such a standard, estimated in such a currency, Captain Scott's achievement breaks down altogether. It simply was not worth it. The cost of the expedition, and the cost to the nation of the disaster are, I understand, an extravagant money price to pay for the scientific knowledge which has been achieved. The money-making value of these discoveries is not enough to pay the interest on the capital expended. Therefore, by this particular standard, both lives and money were spent in vain.

Of course I have put it in this way in order to show

how very plainly an event like this proves the worthlessness and untruth of the utilitarian standard. For there is no question that the world thinks the life of Captain Scott and his three comrades well lost, lost in a worthy and glorious cause. Not in the cause of science, not in the cause of material advancement, but in the cause of courage and heroism. Of course it was not self-conscious heroism. Captain Scott was not out for glory by any means. He did not want applause or honours. His purpose was a most sternly practical one, and he made it plain even in his last message that the scientific results of his expedition occupied the first place in his mind. And thus, by a curious paradox, it is in the pursuit of the sternly material and practical that the most splendid efflorescence of the spirit is seen. There are certain virtues which, like happiness, we can never overtake if we pursue them, but we may meet them on the way. It is not the deaths that are valuable, but the lives that preceded them; yet, but for such deaths, we should not learn the lesson of such lives. These lives and deaths have refreshed and renewed the credit of the whole human race for a little—a credit which is always being damaged and lowered by the grovelling and cowardly lives that so many of us live, and which periodically, when it sags too low, must be lifted out of the mud by heroes like these. And in our praise of the dead we should not forget the living, just because Death happens not to have thrown his flashlight on their deeds. The achievement of Lieutenant Campbell and his party, who lived for eight months of Arctic night, in a shelter of snow and seaweed, on seal flesh and blubber, ranks with the supreme instances that have been recorded of human endurance and ability to survive the most adverse conditions.

There can be only one answer to the utilitarian question "Is it worth it?" It is a thousand times worth it.

"TRUST THE PEOPLE."

By JOHN PALMER.

ONLY a preternaturally clever man can cheat the devil. Satan is by no means the bungler at a bargain we are led to infer from mediæval accounts of his transactions. The best argument against selling your soul is that you will probably get an extremely poor price for it. You are a novice, and you are dealing with a firm that has been in the business since creation. The utmost you will get out of the devil in return for your soul is, usually, just enough rope to hang yourself.

There is unhappily no other way of dealing with Mr. Stanley Houghton's successful comedy at the "Garrick" than by openly discussing it as the result of a singularly hard bargain between the author of "Hindle Wakes" and the author of the Nineteenth Century (the Nineteenth Century was the devil's magnum opus). Let me carefully distinguish. It would be grossly improper of me to assert that in "Trust the People" Mr. Houghton has deliberately written a play without conviction. But it is quite within my province to assert that "Trust the People", as a product of Mr. Houghton's genius submitted for critical inspection, has every sign and quality of such a play. Possibly Mr. Houghton has in "Trust the People" honestly written up to the light within; possibly, on the other hand, he has quite as honestly bargained with the devil for full houses and a long run; or, on a third hypothesis, he has taken the more English way of meeting the devil with the left hand, taking good care that the right hand shall not know what the left hand doeth. My business is not with Mr. Houghton's motives; and it is perhaps necessary to insist that what I am to say about "Trust the People" assumes nothing to their credit or discredit. "Trust the People" has every mark of a play insincerely written, imaginatively unrealised, compounded of "effects" intended for the delusion, rather than for

the illusion, of the public. This is a criticism of "Trust the People", not of Mr. Houghton. Mr. Houghton may quite easily have believed in "Trust the People" with every fibre of his reasonable and emotional being. He may have written his play in a fury of conviction. The point is that if Mr. Houghton intended "Trust the People" honestly, he has very successfully concealed his intention.

What is the infallible distinguishing mark between a play which has come of the author's white-hot necessity to be delivered and a play which has come of a reasoned effort to invent something? The supreme test is the equability or inequability of the author's mood as he writes. The author's mood of composition is almost inevitably reflected in his play. The inspired play is written in a fixed key. The author's energy of purpose, the stability of his conviction, the constancy of his artistic passion is reflected in his work. He cannot in one passage deal with his topic in the vein of fantastic farce, in another assume the tone of naturalistic comedy, in a third express himself in terms of romantic melodrama. If the author's mood be sincere, his attitude towards his people and his theme will not vary from scene to scene in the fashion of the theatrical artificer's. The artificer only cares to make his "effects" with gallery, pit, and stalls. He does not trouble to inquire whether his devices artistically destroy one another, having the effect upon an intelligent spectator of a switchboard of buttons pressed to excite laughter in varying quarters of the house. There are two ways of avoiding this effect. One is, as already indicated, to be sincere; for, if you are sincere, consistency will follow from the sheer driving energy of your imaginative impulse. The other is to be intellectually so alert and so vigorous that by the mere exercise of common sense you keep your people speaking, conducting their affairs, and bringing the play to a successful issue within the limits of the same convention. Some very clever playwrights have attempted this with more or less success—generally less. It is a difficult and barren undertaking. Sincerity is the better way, if you have the gift of it. If you have sincerity, you need scarcely trouble with the conventions—they come right of themselves. But, if you are writing without conviction, and if you want at the same time to avoid the slovenly blend of dubious farce and wavering comedy upon which the West End stage has so long been contented to subsist, then you must arm your intellect at all points, and watch every line as you write it, in order to sustain the mood in which you elect to be delivered. Only vigilant and concentrated self-criticism can save an author who writes to live but does not live to write.

"Trust the People" almost at once breaks down. The early passages of the First Act are admirable light comedy. The controversy as to whether Mr. Houghton's Cabinet Ministers are true to life (whatever that may mean) need not detain us. The point is that at the outset Mr. Houghton has chosen to treat his Cabinet Ministers as Wilde treated the society that spoiled him; and that we settle comfortably down to an evening of polite comedy in the native English manner of Sir George Etherege. But almost immediately comes a shock. Enter a Welsh Whip, not in the manner of Etherege, but in the manner of Brandon Thomas! This was the first of a series of surprises, readjustments of our point of view, muddlements, and inconsistencies that screeched to heaven. The sum-total was "Trust the People"—a play by Mr. Stanley Houghton. The farcical Welsh Whip fortunately disappeared at an early stage; but he was only a mild warning example of what was in store. A Chief Secretary for Wales—a light comedy figure in the First Act—becomes later on a friend of the hero after Mr. Frederick Melville—THE FORGED TELEGRAM! TRAPPED!! WILL HE ARRIVE IN TIME? Lancashire realism brings up the rear—a bastard realism, troubled with an afterswell of leading motives from the melodramatic main section.

"Trust the People", then, bears every mark of artistic insincerity. But perhaps the play is morally

so much in earnest that art has gone by the board in a determination to get the homily safe into port? This will hardly do. The homily suffers worst of all. "Trust the People" bears as clearly the mark of moral as of artistic insincerity. Mr. Houghton has stated a problem; and avoided it. May we, or may we not, trust the people? That is the question he puts to us. Instead of giving a clear answer, instead of attacking his problem in a great rage, grappling with the plain issue, and definitely asserting his faith, or his want of faith, Mr. Houghton confuses his thesis with forged telegrams, smart electioneering, irrelevant villainies, deceits that darken counsel; and in the end he pronounces a sort of farthing-damages, non-committal verdict. If Mr. Houghton were sufficiently interested in the People to ask whether they should be trusted, he might at least have let us know whether he thought they should be, or should not. Here, again, enters our main contention that "Trust the People" bears all the marks of insincerity. Had the moral question been plainly answered, all the excitement of forged telegrams and so forth which confuse it would have had to be left out. This, quite conceivably, would not be Mr. Houghton's idea of what the public wants.

Assuming Mr. Houghton has made a bargain of the kind suggested at the beginning of this article, is it a good one? Is Mr. Houghton that preternaturally clever person who is more than a match for a gentleman of Semitic origin who has been in business since the Fall? Usually when a man deliberately writes what the public wants it is discovered that it is precisely what the public will not have. Mr. Houghton may be the exception. Seriously "Trust the People" is a very bad play indeed. But it considerably amused me in parts, and agreeably excited me in others. Mr. Houghton is an extremely clever young man. I should not be very sorry to see him pull the devil by the nose.

THE CARFAX GALLERY AND SCHEMATISM.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

ART might conveniently be labelled in many ways, but perhaps the best division is into self-conscious and unself-conscious Art. For this covers and explains so many other classes. Academic art, for instance, is that which uses a stock recipe, knowing that thereby a certain effect can be counted on; it is therefore self-conscious. Non-academic art always expresses something in advance of the artist's grasp, something he has not captured before and something he has caught or just touched without knowing it "in so many words". While your academic man, again, can put you in possession of his complete outfit of causes and effects, explaining that such-and-such devices produced these results, the other is rather in the condition of one who under hypnotism has done inexplicable things. A consummate example of such sub-conscious art is Turner's later work.

Mr. Holmes, one feels, is a remarkable painter, if not exactly without knowing it at least somewhat in spite of himself. He is an unusually fine designer and colourist, his drawing is structurally expressive and sensitive, and he has certainly mastered a system of emphatic statement. He designs, colours and draws on a system which I have no doubt he could explain and demonstrate, and his disciple could after a time acquire; but Mr. Holmes is far from being only a scholarly schematist. For the ultimate, indispensable qualities of his pictures are not their scientific planning, deliberate emphasis and balance; were that the case, Mr. Holmes would only be a specially superior academician. All of his best work exhibited in the Carfax Gallery makes its ultimate appeal by stirring some deep association. Neither the fine colour, the bold simplification, the calculated science, nor the inventiveness of "Mell Fell and Clough Head", "Crags near Settle", or "Near Leeds" is the final cause of the emotion these pictures arouse. We are moved because they awake in us some vague or intense memory of Nature's effect upon ourselves. Art that thus plays upon latent,

sub-conscious memory is not "expressible" by any deliberate system, it simply wells up.

Mr. Holmes was firmly established in his own methods long before Post-Impressionism swept in on us. Nor did he ever protest that he was seeking regeneration through Primitivism. So he will not be disturbed by the following parenthesis. Far from being primitive, "schematism", or whatever you like to call the diagrammatic synthetics of the moment, seems irrefutably proved to be a decaying stage that succeeds naturalism. So that all the heroics and sophistries concerning going back to primitive intensity in order to purge us of naturalistic imitation are based on historical ignorance. This is like founding a brand-new creed on forged documents. The truth in brief seems to indicate that diagrams, or schematism, came quite late in the history of art and marked a period of commercialism, ennui and mechanical academicism. I would recommend all who are concerned about this pestilential quarrel over Post-Impressionism to read Mr. Spearing's scholarly and suggestive book on the earliest dawn of art.* I cannot do it justice now, but will summarise the particular facts bearing on this business of diagrams. The earliest schematic drawings known almost certainly belong to the closing period of Palæolithic art. Primitive man toiled for centuries endeavouring to imitate Nature. The Altamira cave paintings, especially the "Wild Boar", painted in red and white and drawn with astonishing emphasis and mastery (something like a Rembrandt drawing), probably represent the Golden Age of Palæolithic art. They belong to the Magdalenian period. Then came the schematists "of such a crude character that they might be assigned to any period—Palæolithic, Neolithic, Bronze or even Iron—for schematism is no sign of age but only of a certain stage of development. Indeed, it is possible that this system of representing solid objects by a sort of geometrical plan may be proved to be always a stage of degeneration from fairly good naturalistic drawing". Mr. Spearing suggests that schematic drawing developed by attention being distracted from outlines. "Outlines filled up with colour lose their importance. Correctness of outline form ceases to be the chief aim; general effect is the keynote of the work, and no regret is felt at its shape being more or less unlike that of the object represented." A decorative convention was the upshot. Chronology in matters of Palæolithic art is fairly definitely determined by layers; there seems little historical doubt that what our synthetists fondly worship as primitive is actually sophisticated decadence.

Returning, however, to Mr. Holmes. Save in extremely symbolic instances (which as experiments become intelligible), his pictures and drawings never are resolved into mere "decoration". For one thing, his knowledge prevents his drawing becoming debased, and that sub-conscious sense of awe and wonder to which I have referred, forbids his content to be dull. His oil "Saddleback" seems to me moving, in spite of its "originality", because it reveals its author's wonder at the tragic light of sunset; "Mell Fells" (No. 1), over and above its strain of beautiful colour, is filled with man's sense of Nature's awful and majestic menace. "Near Leeds", with its drenched thunder sky, ultimately depends on a feeling of our loneliness and littleness even as "Crags near Settle" voices those immemorial inexplicable sensations that even in the safety of the twentieth century grip one in the mountains. There is something ominous in the sudden rhythm of these crags, a profound regret in the pale brilliance of the sky and dread in the darkness that surges up like smoke. Were Mr. Holmes conscious of these emotions "in so many words", his sunsets would be sentimental; but they are elemental. The most truly original of his pictures is No. 9, "Ingleborough", which captures some elusive quality no other has. Of his black and white draw-

ings, "A Cliff near Tenby" is the best; it has a vigour and complete expressiveness that we vaguely characterise as classic.

Mr. Donald Maclaren's show, modestly hung in a dim light, in contrast with the trained emphasis of Mr. Holmes' seems to lack purpose. The painter is chiefly occupied in inventing an effect on the lines prescribed by advanced academics. Painting of this sort, tackled as it were from the outside, gives one little more than an exhibition of the resources of the colour-man. In No. 3, "Stormy Sea", Mr. Maclaren's private sense of colour comes out, accompanied by a suggestion that on this occasion he really was taken out of his academic rut by definite emotion. The pencil drawings of heads are rather flimsy; solid research in the way of form and tone, sheer humdrum work, would not deflower Mr. Maclaren's originality. A course of early Degas, with the seascape Sir Hugh Lane brought off from the Rouart sale as theme, would be wonderfully useful. Not even Degas was allowed to travel on the Royal Road to knowledge; he went just the usual way, striving to imitate the subtleties of Nature's tone and colour. Mr. Maclaren has a feeling for rather unusual colour: subjects that really appeal to him and discover his individuality of perception make this clear.

At the Leicester Galleries Mr. Louis Sargent and Signorina Ciardi combine to give a very diverse show. Mr. Sargent, approaching his theme—rock boulders backed by sand and sea—purely on its colour aspect, and with no apparent intention of expressing significant form and rhythm, gives us a kind of carpet effect minus ordered design. His colour is pure and gay, his tone forced. He feels the surface only, the refracted lights, the seaweed blotches and the colour; his technique adds to the tapestry-like effect. Signorina Ciardi seems able to produce a great quantity of pleasant pictures all on about one level. She has a graceful trick of rendering soft sunlight and silvery atmosphere and an agreeable habit of colour. Where Mr. Sargent's colour is vivid and unctuous hers is pale and opalescent. In pieces like "The Green Lagoon", "The Lovely Lagoon", and Nos. 61 and 65 she expresses charming subtleties of tone and colour, shell-like and delicate. Her technique, like her drawing, is rather vague.

LA SÉRIE ROUGE.

By H. COLLINSON OWEN.

"ENCORE la bande tragique!" cry the camelots as they tear down the boulevards. "Another exploit of the bandits en auto!" The early afternoon papers are snapped up at any price. One sou or two sous, what matter! says M. le Bourgeois, as he turns feverishly to read of the latest outrage of Bonnot and his "human tigers". Another bank messenger attacked? Another policeman shot in the streets of Paris? What then? . . . Bon Dieu! A country bank raided, three cashiers shot dead, the whole marketplace of Chantilly swept clear by a hail of bullets! A frisson of horror and anger and indignation—even fear—runs through Paris. Ah non! This can't go on! Where are the police? What is going to become of France? Where will it all end, this appalling chapter of daylight robbery and murder, "le Far West à Paris—la série rouge".

Happily justice, or vengeance, has already claimed some of the tragic band. Bonnot himself and the terrible Garnier and others have fallen, with "le Tout Paris" in motor cars and the rest of Paris by train and bicycle and on foot crowding to the incredible sieges of Choisy-le-Roi and Nogent. Since then the police have searched diligently, and now there are twenty of the bandits and their accomplices ranged in the enormous dock at the Seine Assize Court—an unlovely crew for the most part of sallow, brutish men (and three women). Many are known assassins and some in the name of "l'Anarchie" have but given shelter and assistance to their more active comrades. A sensational trial indeed—"une grande première à la Cour d'Assises" as the headlines say—the court packed

* "The Childhood of Art." By H. G. Spearing. London: Kegan Paul. 1912. 21s.

with detectives and "le Tout Paris" again crowding to see the assassins who have occupied the long months of prison in writing their memoirs, in which we are told they have shown a certain literary ability. They are all attacked by "une maladie littéraire". And all, without exception, blame an imperfect society for their villainies. "The education there given", writes one who was brought up at an orphanage, "was of a Spartan kind, without caresses, without those little joys that the children of families know. Moreover, this education given en bloc has the great disadvantage of being uniform for every temperament." And a life begun so badly inevitably had its later misfortunes. "My wife deceived me"—and he became a motor bandit. And says another: "It is certain that if when I was a young infant I had been guided and counselled by logic and reason; if, when my sole possession was my juvenile inexperience, I had been aided to traverse this so difficult road of life, it is certain, I say, that (without in any way disowning my philosophic conceptions, which remain dear to me) I should have evolved in a more worthy cycle, and should have welcomed with a juvenile enthusiasm the dawn of my life: my twentieth year!" And this is the young gentleman, the famous "homme à la carabine", who stood at the door of the Chantilly bank and peppered every living thing in the market-place with his repeating carbine.

And so Paris reads eagerly of the opening scenes at the trial of the philosophic assassins, with its twenty prisoners sandwiched in the dock between twenty or more Republican Guards, its hundreds of witnesses and its hourly sensations. But alas! though the members of the infamous band have been in prison for months, "la série rouge" has shown no sign of abating. The profession of bandit en auto is to some extent under a cloud, but on the other hand husbands kill their wives and—even more enthusiastically—wives kill their husbands with regularity, precision and impunity. And "Que voulez-vous", says the plain citizen, "when Justice is not blind but squints? A poor devil sets some birdlime in the gardens of the Trocadéro, captures a sparrow—and gets fifteen days. And a young lady living comfortably in a suburb of Paris shoots her mother and her mother's lover dead and is acquitted! One would say that we were living in New York, hein! What would you? With such juries we shall always have a série rouge." Or, again, he contrasts the fate of the imprudent man who stole two canaries from the lodge of a concierge, for which he is sent to prison for six months, with that of the lady at the same assizes who was acquitted by a tearful jury after having shot the rival of her affections. And, sapristi! the conclusion to be drawn from innumerable such parallels is that if you must offend Justice at all let it be by way of plain homicide, in which case she is quite ready to make matters smooth for you.

"You killed your husband!" remarks the President of the Court severely to the pale prisoner in black, seated in a becoming frame of red and blue Republican Guards. "Why did you do it?" And the prisoner replies with engaging simplicity: "Monsieur le Président, I loved him. Alors, j'ai tué!" Or it may be "He loved another. Alors, j'ai tué!" Or again it may be "He had not a sympathetic character. Alors, j'ai tué!" The members of the jury are impressed. Here at any rate is a reason for killing, stated appealingly and clearly. And it only remains for Maitre Henri Robert to add the overpowering advantage of his burning eloquence to the prisoner's side of the scale and acquittal is assured—Me. Henri Robert, who has been called a public danger because he has loosed so many criminals on to society again. When Me. Henri Robert rises to his feet a delicious frisson of emotion runs through the court. The jurymen are conquered in advance—they know they cannot resist him. The plain citizen, whatever he may say in his favourite café, seems to be hypnotised so soon as he becomes a jurymen and is submitted to the spell of counsel's eloquence. The rising of Me. Henri Robert produces a strained silence in his audience, as when in a hushed theatre

a great tragédienne utters the opening words of her tirade. It is an intellectual delight to listen to him. His words fall on appreciative ears. Glances of admiration are exchanged. The jurymen capitulate on the spot, and even the judge looks moved. And the gaunt woman in the dock who shot her husband, an excellent man, in the back is acquitted on the ground (Me. Henri Robert having been unable to think of any other) that the rush of modern life in Paris has been too much for her. Paris is lost in conjectures as to why she really did shoot her husband until somebody asks, "Would it not be simply because she had un mauvais caractère?"

Thus it comes as a shock—a pleasant shock—to hear a few days afterwards that Me. Henri Robert has sustained a serious reverse—that a lady client of his has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. And this in spite of most ingenuous, most impassioned pleading on his part. Only a few days before, he tells the jury, a woman who shot her husband has been acquitted. It is clear therefore that this poor woman now in the dock, who had merely hired assassins to kill her unsympathetic husband, should be set at liberty immediately and triumphantly. But the effect of this plain logic is entirely marred by the sister of the murdered man choosing this very moment to faint away, and the jurymen, pulling themselves together, achieve the impossible, find the lady in the dock guilty, and the judge gives her ten years. And says Paris, cynically: "Evidemment, if you must abolish your spouse do it yourself, and do not employ others!"

Meanwhile the trial of la bande tragique goes on, with long harangues on the philosophy of anarchism from the dock and wrangles between the President and the men on trial before him. The President interrogates them at length, searching far back into the past, recalling incidents of infancy even. "You have been prosecuted for your anarchistic ideas", he says to one of the numerous prisoners. "You said this was not to be a political trial, yet here you are talking of nothing but anarchy" is the reply. "You mean?", continues the President, "that I am not logical?" Says the bandit, "I do not care what you are". "I put what questions I please", pursues the President, asserting his authority. "Then I will answer when I please", says the bandit, insisting on the last word. And the red-robed President, sitting between his two red-robed assessors, turns patiently to another page of his voluminous dossier. *Après tout*, the trial is going on for three weeks. There is plenty of time. Two hundred witnesses are to be examined; there will be dramatic incidents. And, who knows? before the jurymen are finally sent to their deliberations, with the last impassioned appeal of counsel for the defence ringing in their ears, Paris may have forgotten all about the philosophical bandits, hotly interested in yet another série rouge.

THE FLEUR DE LYS.

By A. D. HALL.

THE older botanists and writers about flowers had none of our pedantic cravings for categories and orders, so the fleur de lys, the lilies of France, derive undoubtedly from the iris rather than from what we nowadays call lilies. But what better emblems for a martial nation; not only the lance-head of the flower, carried bravely and erect, but the stiff sword-blades of the leaves have the very bearing of weapons; no closer natural representatives could be found. We see innumerable illustrations of the analogy among the works of that martial nation of the East, the Japanese, who united so closely the worship of the weapon and the flower; over and over again the iris motive is employed on sword furniture and spear-heads. There is a great screen of Korin's where the iris stand at varying heights like an array of spears, with the same charm of vertical lines that we find in the lances at the Surrender of Breda. The iris-grower perhaps does not trouble about such associations: he only knows that he

is dealing with a flower having a special fascination, a charm of strangeness and unexpectedness that one never gets from lily or rose. The commonest sort of flag iris is away out of the commonplace and touched with romance, but Iris Susiana—the mourning bride—is romance itself, and whenever you are so fortunate as to see a fine bloom of Iris Gatesii in the clear morning sun of June no fervour of devotion can be counted extravagant. You feel at once that you have reached the summit of perfection in the world of flowers; form, texture, colour alike are flawless, and the combination of size and frailty is as moving as it is unprecedented. Few groups of flowers can show a more beautiful range of colours—the white of the Florentine iris, the clear yellow of our own flags, the deep violet of reticulata, the strange black and green of the little widow iris, the browns and clarets of some of the flags and of the Oncocylus race; amongst the whole family there is never a crude pink or magenta, impure colours horribly common in the garden and only tolerable in full sun. The only objection that we have ever heard raised to the iris is their fugitiveness, but the plants repeat their blooms for days, and as for individual flowers, most roses have but a weary, faded appearance on their second day. The iris garden is never without bloom for the first six months of the year; in the dark winter days you can generally find the sweet unguicularis tucked under a south wall, in front of it the fantastic little flowers of histrio and its relatives, then comes reticulata with its haunting perfume, the widow iris ahead of the Spanish and other bulbous sorts, and with a little trouble the season can be prolonged far into July with the great moon-like flowers that come from Japan, the singles we hope, never the doubles. And in the main the iris are singularly grateful doers; the very early sorts need a warm soil and a sheltered corner, the widow iris does not live long on clay soils, and the Japanese varieties need either water or plenty of cow manure, but most of the others thrive cheerfully even under neglect. Always excepting the Oncocylus group, the most wonderful of all, we may sadly say that nobody has succeeded in making them permanent denizens of the English garden. Many men have thought they had captured the secret, and prided themselves for years on their success, then came some fatal sequence of weather such as a wet summer followed by an early spring degenerating into frost and east wind, and the glory of the garden was gone. Iris Gatesii may indeed disappear for ever. Roots are always being imported, only to perish with equal regularity, until the native stock is becoming depleted by the collectors. The beautiful hybrids which van Tubergen has raised by crossing members of the Oncocylus group with I. Korolkowi are somewhat more vigorous and more at home in Western gardens, but so far nothing has appeared among them to rival I. Gatesii or I. Lortetii.

But we have kept Mr. Dykes' * magnificent book waiting too long, a book in which the iris is treated to the glory of a large folio and exquisite plates that has hitherto been reserved for orchids and similar pets of the millionaire. Naturally the plates take one first; there are forty-seven of them, all drawn from living specimens by Mr. F. H. Round, and more beautiful examples of botanical delineation we have never seen. We are beginning to realise the marvels of flower reproduction that colour photography may have in store for us, but superb as some of the results are in conveying the indefinable attitude of the flower, we doubt if photography can ever replace the personal sympathy of the artist and his power of suppressing the mere temporal accidents that may overtake any particular bloom. But Mr. Dykes' work is much more than a mere picture-book, it is a serious contribution to science in its review of a very difficult genus. The difficulties are twofold; in the first place, irises of any particular species are very variable in colour, yellow passing through all pale intermediate shades to the

deepest purple. We have seen a Provence hillside glorious in the evening sunlight with thousands of the dwarf chamaeris (pumila of the trade), some yellow, some white, some the faintest porcelain blue, others dark purple, and many of the rarer species known only by solitary specimens have been distinguished by colour alone. The difficulties are increased by the fact that the colour fades in herbarium specimens. Then many of them have a wide distribution, and though at the extremities of their range differences are to be found worthy of specific rank, thorough collection over the whole area reveals so many intermediate forms that it becomes a matter of personal idiosyncrasy whether you recognise one species or many. Soil and situation themselves develop differences which disappear when the varieties are cultivated together. Lastly, the iris have long been garden favourites; hybrids, both natural and artificial, are abundant; even the commonest of all garden iris, I. germanica, has no undoubtedly wild representative. One of the white forms (albicans, generally known as florentina) was taken everywhere about the East by the Mohammedans as the adornment of their graveyards, and other species have been almost as widely cultivated, until the garden forms are in hopeless confusion. As far at any rate as the basis of any classification goes—the truly wild species which form the raw material for the garden varieties, Mr. Dykes has cleared the ground once and for all; he has removed numbers of confusions of nomenclature by the exhausting process of examining personally the chief herbaria in Europe, and above all by growing most of the species himself.

The book is dedicated to the memory of Sir Michael Foster, in whose garden so many of the newer irises first bloomed under cultivation, and the mantle of that inspiring man of science and passionate lover of flowers has worthily fallen on Mr. Dykes.

ADRIANOPEL.

THERE falls perpetual snow upon a broken plain,
And through the twilight filled with flakes, the
white earth joins the sky;
Grim as a famished, wounded wolf, his lean neck in a
chain,

The Turk stands up to die.

Intrigues within, intrigues without, no man to trust,
He feeds street-dogs that starve with him; to friends
who are his foe,
To Greeks and Bulgars in his lines, he flings a soddened
crust,—

The Turk who has to go.

By infamous, unbridled tongues and dumb deceit,
Through pulpits and the Stock Exchange the
Balkans do their work,
The preacher in the chapel and the hawker in the street
Feed on the dying Turk.

The Turk worked in the vineyard; others drank the
wine,

The Jew who sold him plough-shares, kept an
interest in his plough.

The Serb and Bulgar waited till King and Priest should
sign,

Till Kings said: Kill—kill now.

So while the twilight falls upon the twice betrayed,
The "Daily Mail" tells England and the "Daily
News" tells God,
That God and British statesmen should make the Turks
afraid,—
Who fight unfed, unshod.

"B. K."

* "The Genus Iris." By William Rickalson Dykes. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1913. £6 6s. net.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BRITISH PUBLIC AND THE TURKS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

4 February 1913.

SIR—Everyone who has followed carefully the course of recent events in the Balkan Peninsula must have been impressed by the extraordinary partiality exhibited by Europe towards the Turks' enemies. The victories of the "Christian" Allies have been received with an enthusiasm utterly disproportionate to their intrinsic merits, and the defeats of the Moslem armies with a callous satisfaction which even the least chivalrous among us seldom display towards the vanquished. During the London negotiations, also, all the pressure that the Powers could bring to bear for the conclusion of peace was directed to Constantinople, and not one counsel of moderation was addressed to Sofia, Belgrade, or Athens. Publicists and politicians have been loud in advocating the virtue of compromise; but they seem to understand the word in a sense as yet unknown to the dictionary. The ordinary definition of the term is "a settlement of differences by *mutual concessions*". In the present case it has been employed as if it meant an unconditional surrender of one side to the other.

That a Power like Russia should adopt this attitude is not surprising. For two centuries it has been the consistent and undeviating policy of the Muscovite monarchy to turn the Turk out of Europe and to succeed him, indirectly, by giving his inheritance up to the Tsar's Slavonic protégés. And it is no secret to anyone behind the diplomatic scenes that the actual alliance between Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro is the work of Russian diplomacy. The fate of Constantinople itself appears to be already sealed at S. Petersburg. I have very good authority for stating that the late Grand Vizier Kiamil Pasha's decision to accept the Allies' terms was the result of a scarcely veiled threat from Russia. The facts, which will be news to most people, are as follows: The Ottoman Ambassador at S. Petersburg in conversation with M. Sazonoff declared that it was impossible for his Government to surrender Adrianople to the Bulgars, as that town was the key to Constantinople. The Russian Minister replied coolly: "The question of Constantinople does not concern the Bulgars. It is a matter that will have to be settled between you and us".

Nor does Russian ambition stop at the expulsion of the Turk from Europe. That is only the first step. The second will be the absorption of his Asiatic dominions in the Russian Empire. Already the S. Petersburg Government has begun to hint at an invasion of Asia Minor, and the so-called "protection" of the Armenian subjects of the Sultan is nothing else but a preliminary to the occupation of Armenia by the Tsar's troops.

It is, however, not a little surprising that England should have lent herself to a campaign so obviously contrary to all the dictates of justice, contrary to all the traditions of British diplomacy, and contrary to all the interests of the British Empire. Ever since the time of Queen Elizabeth this country has been Turkey's faithful friend, for English statesmen until quite lately recognised the paramount value of the Ottoman Empire to ourselves. Political and commercial considerations apart, every Englishman who has ever come into direct contact with the Turk has learnt to admire his great personal virtues—his hospitality, his dignity, his loyalty, his honesty, his charity: all virtues which render the Mohammedan inhabitants of the Near East a curious contrast with their Christian neighbours. That the Turk has his limitations is, of course, undeniable, and those limitations are mainly responsible for his present plight. But when all possible deductions are made the fact still remains that, in point of character, he is the only community in the Near East that inspires unqualified respect. Not the least among the Turk's virtues is his sense of gratitude—gratitude for benefits received, not for benefits to come. And the services

which this country has rendered to Turkey in the past have never been forgotten. To be an Englishman has always been in the Turkish mind a synonym for being a just and honourable man, a friend of the Sultan, and a protector of Islam. Not long ago I heard a Turkish officer relate how his father used to tell him: "We have a Padishah in Stambul. But remember, my son, that we also have another Father who lives far away—the King of England".

The sudden departure of British diplomacy, during the last few years, from the path sanctioned by the tradition of centuries can only be accounted for by England's newborn friendship with Russia; and it is a departure which, prompted by an excessive subservience to Russian aims, must in the end cause serious detriment to British interests. It would puzzle anyone to discover what is the gain that this country has hitherto reaped or is likely to reap from the "Anglo-Russian entente". The only service Russia could render us would be, in the event of a war between this country and Germany, to menace Germany's eastern frontier. But that service, problematical at the best, had already been secured through our entente with France. It is generally understood that, in the event of German aggression, England and France will stand or fall together. France, through her alliance with Russia, has provided for Russia's assistance on Germany's eastern frontier. It is thus seen that the benefit we derive from our Russophil policy is only apparent. The price, however, which we have already paid, are paying, and, it is to be feared, shall go on paying, for that illusory advantage, is real enough. We have already sacrificed Northern Persia to the Tsar, and by so doing we have brought the Muscovite rival down to the Persian Gulf, and enabled him to take a long stride towards India. At this actual moment we are sacrificing Turkey in Europe to the Slavs, and in a no distant future we may have to sacrifice the northern portions of Turkey in Asia. The opening of the Dardanelles to the Russian fleet is also contemplated by our new diplomatists with an equanimity which would have amazed their predecessors. All these concessions will necessitate fresh efforts on our part for the defence of our position in the Eastern Mediterranean and of the road to India—efforts rendered inevitable by the fresh danger we are creating with our own hands.

Nor is it easy to foresee the end of this policy of surrender to Russian acquisitiveness. Every concession we make only clears the ground for further demands. But there must be a limit to British complaisance; and when that limit is reached our Russian friends will thank us for our suicidal services and turn their backs on us. Meanwhile we are forfeiting the moral ascendancy which we have so long enjoyed, not only among the Turks, but throughout the Moslem world. The faith in England's justice has been shattered wherever the Persian and the Ottoman questions are followed by True Believers—that is, in every Moslem country from Morocco in the West to China in the East. In all those countries the conviction now prevails that Christendom is systematically trying to compass the destruction of Islam, and England, once the most powerful protector of Islam, is now regarded as a partner, if not a leader, in the conspiracy. The indignation aroused among our Mohammedan fellow-subjects in India, by what is openly described as our betrayal of Turkey to Russia, is too notorious to need emphasising. It is but one of the fruits of our new diplomacy.

I am Sir yours faithfully

ÆQUITAS.

"DISINTERESTED MANAGEMENT."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cranbourn Mansions Cranbourn Street

27 January 1913.

SIR—Your paragraph on the subject of the Lords' addition of the fourth option to the three in the Temperance (Scotland) Bill when it left the Commons is

likely to lead some of your readers to believe that the policy of expropriating existing licensees in order to substitute "trust companies", in other words "disinterested management", is the Unionist reply to Radical local veto. Of course this is not the case, for it is difficult to imagine a policy more at variance with the Unionist faith. It is strangely named, for it would seem difficult to classify any scheme which allows a dividend to be paid to its organisers and contributes its profits in excess of that dividend to such deserving objects as they wish, as disinterested.

It cannot but be supposed that a very large number of those financially interested in breweries would be gratified if their investments were guaranteed as "reasonably expected under present conditions to return an annual dividend of 5 per cent.", which was Earl Grey's promise to prospective shareholders in the Home Counties Public House Trust.

The shareholders are therefore directly interested to the extent of their dividends and indirectly in the satisfaction of their philanthropic instincts in making their surplus profits and therefore their contributions to charitable objects as large as possible.

Experience shows that these amateur publicans are in the hands of their managers, and that convictions for infringements of the licensing laws are not proportionately rarer in their cases than in those of the licensees of ordinary houses, proving that the amateur philanthropist is no better able to exercise skilled control over his servants than brewery companies.

Temperance reform is not to be effected by any such nostrum as "disinterested management", which has been tried and found wanting even in its Scandinavian home.

Yours faithfully

R. M. DIX.

THE AUTHOR'S BITTER CRY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

III S. Martin's Lane London W.C.
8 February 1913.

SIR—Mr. Filson Young says that nobody but himself, Mr. Austin Harrison, and Mr. Gilbert Cannan has raised a voice about the temporary banning of "Round the Corner" by the libraries. But the reason for that is simply that the book was withheld—not for two months, as he says, but for less than a week. At any rate, I was able to obtain a copy from Mudie's six days after the date of publication. Had the ban lasted longer, I feel sure that Mr. Cannan's admirers—who must be sufficiently numerous to make a fairly loud noise—would have produced an outcry. But Mr. Filson Young misses, I think, one point. Many books by young writers, about which there arises no question of banning, are starved by the libraries. The fault does not lie with the libraries, but with the public. The public is not interested in young writers, and does not in the least object to being refused at the library counter. It does not watch young reputations growing, as literary people do. And, as we are constantly reminded, "there is always a new novel". With such a number of new novels, new authors, and new publishers, and such an utter failure of a "good press" to influence sales, it is only by some astonishing quality in a good novel by a young writer that the public forces the hand of the libraries. The libraries, which are in an unenviable position, take as small a number of copies as possible of each new book that is published. When those copies are in circulation, unless the demand is very persistent, the library clerks reply to the applicant: "Not in; will you take something else?" The applicant perhaps has a list, or takes the assistant's advice (which involves the explanation "This is 'reading' very well"), or asks for the latest work by an author of established reputation. But if a young writer's book is to attract attention, a temporary banning is positively the best send-off it can have. It is when it is unostentatiously starved that

harm is done, for then nobody hears of it. And even then the fault is not wholly that of the libraries; but that of the indifferent public, which does not really care what novels it reads, so long as the books are not serious in tone.

Yours very truly

FRANK SWINNERTON.

"TURANDOT'S" SOURCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Florence, 1 February 1913.

SIR—Your dramatic critic, Mr. John Palmer, writing in your journal 25 January on the performance of "Turandot" at the S. James' Theatre, gives evidence of a charming originality in being the only critic (among the many whose critiques I have read) who has graciously acknowledged the real origin of the piece and traced it back to its Italian source.

We hear much on all sides about Signor Ferruccio Busoni and Herr Ernst Stern and Dr. Vollmoller, but there is a remarkable reticence as to the actual author of the play, and it is refreshing to find Mr. Palmer so well-informed and so frank as to name him at all.

But what can be the reason of this curious silence on the part of everyone towards old Count Carlo Gozzi, whose "Turandot" was first produced in Venice on 22 January 1762? The fact that it was afterwards translated into German by Schiller by no means makes it a German play, and it is surely a pity that, now Sir George Alexander has brought it over from Berlin, where it was produced by Professor Reinhardt, it should be so universally considered as a piece of German goods.

It was a wise man who once wrote, "Many, when a thing was lent them, reckoned it to be found, and put them to trouble that helped them", and though in this case the lender is no longer alive to draw attention to the debt, it is surely all the more the duty of others to see that his rights are not overlooked. And especially is it the business of the critics to "withhold not good from those to whom it is due", not only in this particular case, but in the many other cases in the modern theatre where the inspiration of works of art is inscribed to sources very distant from the real.

Yours faithfully

ANTHONY SCARLETT.

POSTER EXHIBITIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 Craven Hill Gardens London W.
4 February 1913.

SIR—Twenty years ago the world of art was enthusiastic about the poster. Exhibitions of poster-art were held at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, the Crystal Palace, and Westminster Aquarium, containing posters of all nations by the leading poster artists. There was a literature of the poster, and the magazine of that name was one of the most interesting publications of the day from my point of view. I was an ardent collector, and very fond of Chéret, Grasset, Privat Livemont, and the rest. The art of the pictorial advertisement gave infinite scope to the imagination of the artist, and I found poster exhibitions far more stimulating than Academic shows. There is an exhilaration about this out-door art which nothing else can give. Why is it that the poster is now ignored by the artistic public? Are there any poster collectors to-day? What do we know of foreign posters? Some have been seen in London lately, but the exhibition was intended for business men, and not for art-lovers. I would like to see a society formed for the purpose of reviving the literature of poster art.

Yours faithfully

E. URWICK.

REVIEWS.

A BOOK OF THE DEAD.

"Cardinal de Richelieu." By Eleanor C. Price. London: Methuen. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

In the last three or four years publishers have issued in steadily increasing numbers volumes dealing with historical figures or historical periods of interest or importance, and it is a little difficult at first sight to understand either why such books should be written or why the public should read them. These books are generally illustrated in a fairly attractive way; they invariably deal with a person, a period, or a subject which lends itself to picturesque or readable treatment; they are for the most part competently written by an author who has taken some trouble to work up the subject-matter, yet they seldom, if ever, add to our knowledge or present us with a new point of view. They are neither school nor university text-books, nor are they original contributions to historical study. The writers, if they are not historians nor finished literary artists nor stimulating critics of life, are not mere journalists. They are clearly men and women who have had a university education or its equivalent, who have been taught up to a certain point both how to read and how to write, and as soon as their higher education is finished proceed to turn what they have learnt to account. Presumably they wish to make some money; equally presumably they wish to do it in a serious, or what appears to be a serious way. In history they find all that they require, and apparently there is a public which buys, perhaps reads, what is now so abundantly provided. Writers and readers of this type then are alike a peculiar feature of to-day. For it is not the multiplication of such books (regrettable as that is) which furnishes material for disquieting reflexion, but the existence of a numerous class of readers that contributes the effective demand and is satisfied with what it gets. If the best that modern higher education can achieve is the creation of a large class of men and women content with the second-rate at second-hand, because it does not know that it is the second-rate, it is not difficult to explain why our theatres, picture galleries, libraries and churches are what they are, or to infer that the higher education is not achieving what alone can justify its existence and expensive organisation.

This is an admirable example of the kind of book in question. It may probably, and perhaps deservedly, win the success it was designed to win. The subject is first-rate and picturesque—a name, a figure, and a period to attract anyone who knows any French history, is interested in history of all sorts and kinds provided that it is not dull nor dry, who feels above all that an educated man or woman ought to know something about a pitiless, prominent, and mysterious statesman. The book is illustrated with twelve plates, well selected from obvious sources, and a brief inspection will satisfy a mind that has been taught at a modern university that the writer is not an ignorant journalist, and the book not a vamped-up joinery of historical prattle and gutted memoirs. A glance at the bibliography, which the text will justify, shows that Miss Price has read in the original authorities, and also knows where to go when it is a question of the best secondary authorities. She has had recourse alike to the memoirs and letters of Richelieu himself, to the "Portraits des Hommes Illustres Français" of the Sieur de la Columbière, to the "Historiettes" of Tallement des Réaux, and to the works of the Vicomte d'Avenel, M. Hanotaux, and M. Batifol. The result is a readable and accurate biography of the cardinal.

We have no quarrel with what Miss Price has done. But there are various things she has not done, and these must be briefly stated. Her book contains nothing new, nothing that cannot be found in available authorities, and that is not already to be found in print in any good library. A biography therefore which

repeats or re-states with judicious selection according to the scale of its compass what has been said more or less excellently before can only justify itself in two ways, its literary workmanship or the point of view, the interpretation of the personality and the period by the writer. Miss Price's style is blameless and commonplace. It is in short the style of the average educated man and woman, unrelieved by any distinction of phrase or thought, conventionally accurate, decorous and colourless, and uninspired either by the subject, Richelieu, or the atmosphere of the period in which he lived. Whether Miss Price really cares about Richelieu or the causes which he toiled to achieve or defeat we do not know, but if we may judge from this biography her pulse was beating with the same well-regulated, well-bred, and normal rhythm at the beginning, middle and end of her task, and the reader's pulse will, perhaps is intended to, do the same. Yet, if the reader of a biography of Richelieu does not feel that his sense of life has been heightened, that he has been living in company with a perishing world, with an order of society slowly crushed out of existence because a master-mind that knew neither pity, remorse, nor fear had decided that if France was to be great she could only be great in one way, and was determined to break or obliterate every obstacle that barred the road, if both the grandeur and the tragedy of the ideal and of the vanquished are not there in every line of the biography, then the reader has (and it is the writer's fault) never seen any more of Richelieu than if the Day of Duples were presented to him on a modern kinematograph. Turn over Miss Price's pages. They are crowded with figures, correctly labelled and classified, and in every chapter the central subject is doing what the big historians have proved that he did. But the figures do not live, and the Cardinal does not live, and the France of Louis XIII., which between 1624 and 1640 was compelled to turn its back on its past and make a new and more splendid future at a price of which it only learned the full meaning in 1789, is not in Miss Price's narrative. Who and what were these nobles? Take two of them who for very different reasons flit conspicuously in and out, Condé and the Duchesse de Chévreuse. Of all the many French women who have made history by breaking hearts is there one in that wonderful gallery of six centuries more attractive, more perverse, more politically mischievous, and more alive to the mischief that her defeat will mean for France than this romping, cynical, passionate patrician beauty, who in her girlhood fought against the living Cardinal, and as the heroine of the Fronde fought against the dead Cardinal and was vanquished no less? "Only a woman's hair", said Swift in one of the most thought-compelling of his matchlessly brief sentences. But unless a writer on this period can make us feel and see "only a woman's soul" in the Duchesse de Chévreuse we shall know as much of Richelieu's age as we do of the canals in Mars. A chronicle of Condé's exits and entrances, as accurate as the Astronomical Almanac or Napier's logarithms, may serve the purpose of the National Union of Teachers or the examiner, but a biography of Richelieu which is not a Baedeker to the unhappy land of examinations but aims at being literature as well as history misleads and injures its readers if by its methods it unconsciously teaches them that an accurate selection of facts in grammatical English is or can be history or biography.

After reading Miss Price's volume we were confronted by two problems—and these are the gist of the matter. Why did Richelieu so deliberately frame and carry out the policy both at home and abroad that he did? Did he or did he not recognise what success or failure in that policy involved? We failed to find the answers to these questions in this book. Nor can any answer be given without a complete penetration of the personality of the man as a living, real, and intensely human Frenchman. And unless a reader closes the book feeling that from the first page to the last he has been in daily intimate communion with a French noble and ecclesiastic, saturated with the spirit of his age

and the ideal of the classes to which by birth and training he belonged, and striving to extort from the Time-spirit the secrets that will enable a patriotic and ambitious French bishop to solve the most tremendous riddles that patriotic statesmanship and loyalty to the Catholic Church were called upon to solve, he has learned neither what Richelieu was nor what he tried to do nor what it meant for France and the world: he has only spent some hours in reading once again the accurate and lifeless scenario of a drama. He might as well read Shakespeare in an analysis. The public apparently craves these accurate scenarios, because it has been taught or self-deluded into thinking the scenario is history and biography. But ought writers as competent as Miss Price to satisfy the craving?

A DEPRESSING EXHUMATION.

"A Knight of Spain." By Marjorie Bowen. London: Methuen. 1913. 6s.

MISS MARJORIE BOWEN is a young author with half a dozen previous novels to her name. We have read one or two of them, and are acquainted with the general opinion that they are brilliant essays in historical romance. We therefore approached "A Knight of Spain" with much interest; in leaving it, we can but be so charitable to the author as to hope that it is the depressing influence of the tragic story, and not any fault of hers, that bids us register a vow to read no more modern historical novels, except those written by authors whom we know to be of the sanguine and not of the melancholic disposition. A true genius, we suppose, could take the most disheartening tale of tragedy that the world has ever seen enacted, and touch it to splendour and turn it to comfort; but we do not comprehend what object is gained by retelling a depressing tale of high hopes fainting, or reanimating an unfortunate loyalist to the vicious and treacherous King Philip II. of Spain.

Such is Miss Bowen's *farrago libelli*. It is perhaps more widely known than there is any reason for it to be known that Charles V. of the cruel dynasty of Spain, and of most of the rest of Europe, had a natural son, Don Juan of Austria, besides his unnatural son Philip II., who succeeded him; that on the death of Carlos, Philip's decrepit offspring, Don Juan, then the hero of Christendom as victor of Lepanto, aspired to the rank of "Infant" of Spain; that this ambition, becoming known—probably by treachery—to Philip, caused that tyrant to send his brother Don Juan to the Sisyphean task of governing the revolutionary Netherlands; and that the brilliant and beautiful hero was struck down in solitude by a mysterious disease, and died a dog's death before he was thirty. If the account of Don Juan's life provides anything, it is the valueless fact that in sixteenth-century Spain at the Court of Philip you could not trust your sworn brother or your bosom friend, or the unvalued reminder that indiscriminate polygamy brings its own reward, even upon princes. Philip, it is true, wived only half as frequently as our own bluff king; but even Henry VIII. never played so low a trick as promising a princess to his son and then marrying her himself. Again, if the reader, accustomed to the disgrace of royal marriages of convenience, overlooks the sordidness of Philip's domestic career, he finds little to his taste in Philip's political record. The Princess of Eboli was his confidante, and played her own private game with Antonio Perez, who played his private and treacherous game with Don Juan. And so forth—so, at least, if we are right in marking where Miss Bowen's history leaves off and her romance begins.

But how does she treat this sombre story? She brings Don Juan, labelled "beautiful" here and hereafter, on the stage at once, and shows us the trend of his fortunes in association with traitor after traitor (presumed historical) and damosel after damosel (presumed imaginary). He loves youthfully, he loves romantically, he loves passionately, he loves adulterously—and rides away on ~~each~~ occasion, fittingly

pillioned with black care. More and more gloomy becomes the legend, and Miss Bowen lowers and saddens her note until, in a vividly dreary scene of candle-light and farewells between Don Juan and the wife of one of his Netherland enemies, she manages to extract a shriek of desolation from the tortured reader. If such is her intention, we congratulate her heartily; the scene is as awful, though nothing so beautiful, as Mr. Masefield's "The Campden Wonder".

The very mention of a writer often inspired and always careful of form and diction reminds us of another depressing effect that Miss Bowen bestows; we cannot think how she can dare be so negligent of the elements of style as to write, and pass in proof, a passage like this from page 86 of this book: "A large portion of his dominions were in revolt, heresy was spreading despite the efforts of the Inquisition, he had no son save Carlos (and it was wormwood to him to even think of Carlos), and despite all his frugal saving his treasury was in an ill condition. With these circumstances in his mind he considered it good to bind such as Juan to his service; youths like he and Alessandro, his sister Margaret's son, were such as supported Empires, the wise Princess of Eboli had told him".

Great men have split infinitives and great men split them daily; but the blue pencil of an elementary school teacher would pounce on at least two phrases in the above paragraph. Miss Bowen we believe to be a young writer; but this book appears under the imprint of Methuen and Co., and ought not to have been allowed simply to emerge from the press—it should have been published. No "reader"—certainly not Mr. E. V. Lucas—should have let such grammar achieve publicity, even in a work of "hustled history".

S. VINCENT DAY.

"The Life of John Jervis, Admiral Lord S. Vincent." By Captain W. V. Anson R.N. London: Murray. 1913. 10s. 6d. net.

S. VALENTINE'S DAY 1797 was a day of gloomy apprehension in England. Napoleon and the Directory were bent on her humiliation. The French, Spanish and Dutch fleets were to sweep her Navy from the Channel. In the hope of preventing a junction of the Spanish and French fleets she had withdrawn from the Mediterranean, but so slender was her confidence in her ability to resist invasion that Consols fell to 51 and the Bank suspended payment. England was in no mood to enjoy Elia's humour of S. Valentine 116 years ago. Yet on that very day Jack Jervis and Nelson were presenting her with as fine a valentine as nation could desire. S. Valentine's Day 1797 was S. Vincent Day also.

On 14 February Jack Jervis, as inspiring a sea-dog as ever took a British fleet into action, sighted the Spanish fleet under Don José de Cordova, who was out to join the French at Brest. Admiral Jervis paced his quarter-deck: he had fifteen sail of the line, and he knew the Spaniards probably outnumbered him two to one. The captain of the fleet reported: "There are eight sail of the line, Sir John". "Very well, sir." "There are twenty sail of the line, Sir John!" "Very well, sir!" "There are twenty-five sail of the line, Sir John." "Very well, sir!" "There are twenty-seven sail of the line, Sir John!" and the reply came, "Enough, sir! the die is cast, and if there are fifty sail I will go through them!" And go through them he did. He crippled, though he did not destroy, the ill-manned and ill-disciplined Spanish fleet, and he saved England and England's rapidly dwindling self-respect. As to whether he did all he might have done on that great day experts and historians will continue to differ. His tactics may have been faulty at the onset, but if they were, Nelson saved the situation by a movement which, act of genius though it might be, was in daring defiance of orders. The greatness of Jervis stands out in his recognition of Nelson's

masterly stroke. When Captain Calder later referred to it disparagingly, the Admiral agreed that the movement was unauthorised, "And", he said, "if you ever commit such a breach of your orders I will forgive you also".

There you have John Jervis, Admiral Lord S. Vincent. Jervis was one of Anson's men, as Nelson was one of his own; the lives of the three largely make up the history of the British Navy during two-thirds of a century, with Hawke and Saunders, Rodney and Hood and the rest as brilliant contributors. Jack Jervis' services are a familiar chapter in eighteenth-century annals: his character is not so well understood. He was a stern disciplinarian, and he made his battle fleets what they were by the methods of the martinet. We have been told that he was a bully, unemotional, lacking in fine feelings. The material which Captain Anson has got together shows that if Jervis was prepared to stamp out mutiny by hanging a ringleader on a Sunday morning, he had a sincere sympathy for all in distress not brought upon themselves. "We look up to you as our father", wrote Nelson, and a father and friend in need he was to hundreds. The world knew his discipline: his charity was not made public. He would have a weeping man up on the quarter-deck, rate him soundly for tarnishing the British oak with tears, find out the cause of the man's trouble—he had lost £70, all his savings, by going into the sea with his clothes on—and promptly from his private purse make good the man's loss.

An up-to-date life of S. Vincent, based on original research, was undoubtedly wanted. Captain Anson has apparently been at pains to go through the documents both in private collections and at the Museum and Record Office. As Jervis was born in 1735 and died in 1823, and his life was very full from the day he joined the Gloucester at thirteen years of age, the labour involved was necessarily considerable. In the earliest stages Captain Anson did his work with a slovenliness in striking contrast with the care which he seems to have bestowed on the rest. Without any straining after effect, he has given an excellent impression of Jervis the man, and his description of a blockade or a battle is that of a sailor who knows what he is talking about. It is a pity he had no friendly authority at hand to correct his opening pages. He asserts once again that Wolfe and Jervis were at Swindell's—he means Swinden's—Academy at Greenwich together, though a little research would have shown him that Wolfe was in the Army years before Jervis was brought from the North. He confuses the watching of Brest by Hawke in 1754 with the blockade by Anson in 1758. He makes the Quebec Expedition arrive off Newfoundland and the Isle of Orleans on the same day. He twice gives Jervis his "first chance of distinguishing himself". He writes about Jervis' movements in the Porcupine on the S. Lawrence in a way which is wholly unintelligible and induces a doubt whether he knows the relative positions of Quebec and the Montmorency Falls. He repeats the story of the Albany Mutiny as though it had never been denied on authority. It would obviously be unfair to judge Captain Anson's book by the first chapter.

THE WHITE NORTH.

"Lost in the Arctic." By Captain Ejnar Mikkelsen. London: Heinemann. 1913. 18s.

IN the summer of 1906 the Danmark Expedition, under the leadership of Mylius Erickson, set out to explore and map the north-east coast of Greenland from Cape Bismarck to Cape Bridgeman, over six degrees of latitude, an heroic endeavour, involving a greater certainty of hardship than has fallen to many a searcher for the Pole. Two years later news of the success of the expedition was flashed to the world, but the leader had fallen, Erickson and Lieutenant Hoeg Hagen succumbing in November 1907, probably to

starvation, in a determined attempt to make connexion with Peary's survey, Jorgen Brönlund, who was with them when they died, perishing while trying to return over the inland ice. Brönlund's body was found by the relief party in the spring of 1908, and in March 1909 Ejnar Mikkelsen sailed with six men in a forty-ton cutter to search for Erickson's and Hagen's bodies, observation books and diaries. In this they were unsuccessful. Brönlund's body was rediscovered and given burial, which one thinks might have been accorded it by Koch eighteen months earlier, but the meagre directions which the dead man had left did not suffice to enable Mikkelsen to locate the last camp of the ill-fated explorers, and it seems reasonable to suppose that it was not on the mainland, but on the shore ice opposite the glacier indicated in the brief note written by Brönlund before, with frozen feet and starved body, he lay down in the waning moonlight to die. So closes one more tragic sacrifice to the Arctic solitudes by men not a whit less heroic than those with famous names who have fallen there, and for an object which may seem purposeless enough, the mapping of a coastline so inhospitable as to be practically unapproachable either from sea or land, a barren country crowned by a continual cap of ice, beneath which whatever treasures it may hide must lie so long as the axis of the earth points in its present direction.

There has been profit in the race for the Pole, even for those who failed to reach it, but in such work as Erickson and Mikkelsen undertook there has been little fame and no fortune; the sheer glory of doing work that no man had been found to do led them to the task and sustained them through it, and their names are worthy to be set on that insatiable roll of honour which still lengthens about the Poles.

Foiled in the main purpose of the expedition, Captain Mikkelsen set to work on a more strenuous task. So far all his travelling had been over the shore ice, a sufficiently dangerous business at the time of year when he had to undertake it, since the new ice was forming and had to be adventured if satisfactory progress was to be made, though its varying thickness and the impossibility of estimating the variation rendered an occasional immersion almost a certainty and the going about as safe as a bog to a blind man. Men, dogs, and sledges all went through in their turn, and the operation of changing into dry clothes in a gale below zero proved a most uncomfortable experience. The gale often broke the young ice, barring the explorers' progress with wide lanes of water, and sometimes not only completely isolating them, but setting them adrift on these perilous ice islands, and blowing them back along the way they had come. Of the peril, imminent as it was, Captain Mikkelsen says but little, though the frail ice-float might easily have been blown out to and dissipated in the open sea; it was the delay and the extra haulage entailed on the dogs which roused his resentment at the ways of fate.

When in the spring of 1910 the expedition exchanged the pleasantries of coastline travel for a trip across the ice-cap the adventure took on a different colour. The incessant sense of apprehension, the quick calculation of bearing surface, the nimbleness necessitated by the crackling ice, and the joy of speedy travel over its faultless stretches gave place to ceaseless and heart-breaking exertion over ice ridges, rugged hummocks, and through drifts of soft snow. Deep watercourses intersect the ice-cap, resembling with curious closeness the dry river-beds of a desert, with steep sides and an icy débris in their centre, watercourses which grew deeper and wider during the northern journey, which must in summer have held notable rivers, and even in March were rendered objectionable by innumerable little streams which made broken ice along their banks.

On 22 May the first trace was found of the Erickson expedition in the shape of a cairn on Danmark's Fjord, containing a letter from the leader reporting himself and his two companions in good health on 12 September 1907, and about to return to the ship over the new ice with one sledge and seven dogs; hoping to reach their destination in from five to six weeks. What happened

thereafter to bring about disaster it is impossible to imagine. Fresh meat was plentiful; the dogs were in good condition. Possibly the advancing season sent game southward out of reach, or sickness came upon the dogs. A further and earlier message of Erickson's was found four days later, but conveyed only one piece of information, an important one for the explorers, that Peary Channel did not exist.

It was during that summer that Captain Mikkelsen and his companion sampled the extreme of privation, and nearly lost their lives from dependence on a dépôt which was found empty, but the entire expedition consisted of a succession of hardships endured, of which the narrator makes light. He writes throughout with cheery good humour, but his account might have been considerably improved by condensation and by curtailing the chatty discursiveness of his style. Perhaps one has been induced by the admirable work of other Norsemen to expect too high a standard in the difficult narration of such journeys. But the work he did can never be dimmed by any manner of writing about it.

ELEPHANTS AND ELEPHANT HUNTING.

"The Life of an Elephant." By S. Eardley-Wilmot. London: Arnold. 1912. 7s. 6d. net.

"The Adventures of an Elephant Hunter." By James Sutherland. London: Macmillan. 1912. 7s. 6d. net.

ALTHOUGH these two books can be conveniently reviewed together, yet they can neither be compared nor contrasted. The one gives an imaginative outline of the life and career of a fine Indian male elephant, while the other mainly describes the hunting and the death of many African bull-elephants. The Indian and the African elephants are distinct species. The African grows to a greater height, and has a more receding forehead, larger ears and larger tusks; and apparently several large bulls, usually three or four, are in the habit of herding together away from the females during the hot season of the year. The Indian elephant has apparently the larger and better developed brain, and is by far the more sagacious, the easier to train, and the more useful to mankind; and it is probably naturally the more fidgety of the two, as in a healthy condition it constantly keeps wagging its tail, or flapping its ears, or moving its feet, or swaying its body. But, so far as we are aware, it has never veraciously been credited with the ability to jump, whereas Mr. Sutherland says of the African elephant, "for a short distance he can run at a great pace, while jumping ditches is for him a matter of comparative ease". Neither of the two books, however, treats its main subject from any scientific or natural history point of view. Both books are well illustrated, the one with nine full-page photogravures and with a large number of clever outline sketches by the author's daughter, the other with fifty-three good photogravures, ten of which are of full-page size.

As was to be expected from his two previous works that have appeared within the last four years, Sir S. Eardley-Wilmot's book is well, lightly and at times even poetically written, and is on every page reminiscent of the atmosphere of the forests and villages of the Far East. In his opening chapters he gives full play to a rich imagination, which he allows to work on a solid substratum of personal knowledge of the chief habits of big game. Thus he graphically describes the progress of a herd of elephants through the jungles, the birth of a calf and its early experiences, a fight between two tuskers for the pride of place as "herd-bull" and the capture of a herd in a keddah. In captivity "our elephant", a fine young tusker, the largest of some twenty-five captives, is first broken in to timber dragging in the forests and then taken down nearer the coast for timber-depot work. The first half of the book, dealing with the above and giving incidental sketches of village life in the jungles, indicates that the scene is laid in Burma, as is also apparent from the marginal sketches illustrative of the letterpress;

but the only direct indication of this given by the author is a casual mention of Rangoon. Here "our elephant" is sold to a broker from India, shipped to Calcutta and marched up-country to a fair (held at Hurdwár, judging from the photogravure and the description), where he is bought for a rajah and then trained to be a staunch shikar elephant, while also used for processional purposes. The reader's interest is well sustained until the great noble beast dies from the bite of a black cobra concealed within some grass into which our elephant has put its trunk to tear up a mouthful.

Mr. Sutherland's book is of quite a different kind, being mainly in the nature of extracts from diaries full of the most thrilling adventures, very well and modestly told. Leaving England for Cape Town in 1896 to carve out a career, the author was at times a railway-labour contractor, a storekeeper, a trading agent and a prize-fighter before he took to elephant hunting as a means of livelihood. During the last ten years he has shot 447 bull elephants, thereby creating a world's record. It is a record a hunter could hardly help being proud of, but others may take a different view of it. The African elephant is not a common animal. Why should several hundreds of them be killed by one man? This wholesale destruction seems to us monstrous. However, Mr. Sutherland is undoubtedly a mighty hunter, and he has "always hunted alone, with one or two trusted boys as trackers and carriers". His hunting-grounds have been chiefly in German and Portuguese East Africa. But, while it deals mainly with large-tusked bull-elephants, it also describes adventures with lions and buffaloes, leopards, hippopotami, rhinoceroses and deadly snakes; and it gives much interesting information about the Mohammedan and the Pagan natives of Central Africa, and their curious superstitions and customs. Few men can have faced what seemed imminent death so often as Mr. Sutherland, yet he is able to say "I have never regretted the life I have led", though he is quite aware that "there are so many risks, as well as privations, incidental to the life of an elephant hunter that he has only to keep at the game long enough to meet with an untimely end, and that as a rule a violent one". With extraordinarily keen scent and quick hearing, a wounded elephant is the most dangerous of all big game to follow up, for its vision is also very keen, although from the position of its eyes it does not at first see well straight in front. From principle the author always followed up and tried to kill outright any animal he wounded badly. He shot many notorious man-hunting elephants, which, as also the many old mangy man-eating lions that annually kill thousands of natives in East and Central Africa, are firmly regarded as simply reincarnations of chiefs and medicine-men revenging themselves for wrongs suffered while they were human beings. One old elephant, which had killed three native hunters and showed scars of twenty-seven old bullets and three fresh wounds, and which was charging the author, was only killed when three yards off; but there were even narrower escapes from death than that, and it seems wonderful to relate that during the whole of these hunting expeditions only one of the author's servants was killed.

"THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT."

"The Street called Straight." By the Author of *"The Inner Shrine."* London: Methuen. 1912. 6s.

THE majority of novel readers, we suppose, are convinced that it is a matter of supreme importance which of two or three equally good-hearted and prosperous gentlemen belonging to her own walk in life a woman decides to marry. At any rate this book is almost wholly concerned with that stupendous subject—the changing of a lady's mind; and in choosing it we doubt not that the author well knew what would interest his public. The few irreconcilables who looking back upon this carefully elaborated story still wonder how or why it could have made any difference in Olivia

Guion's happiness three years afterwards had she married the other fellow may be properly ignored. Even they must admit that, given the tremendous nature of the theme, it could hardly have been more adroitly led up to or embroidered more cunningly. If anything it is over-elaborate. Now and then the book puts one in mind of the lady in the "Hamlet" interlude who protested too much. That was of set purpose: whoever brought "The Mouse Trap" up to date for the benefit of the wicked uncle made sure thereby that everyone should doubt the Player-Queen's sincerity. Similarly some of the happenings in this story are accounted for with such a wealth of antecedent explanation that we begin to suspect their truth to life. The eccentric move of Peter Davenant at the commencement of the tale is an instance. Eight or nine years earlier Davenant had aspired to the hand of Olivia, daughter of the eminent Boston solicitor Henry Guion, and had been rather badly snubbed and duly forgotten. Olivia is now on the point of being married to Colonel Ashley of the British Army, a soldier already distinguished and marked for future advancement. The picturesque attorney Guion, whose leisure is devoted to furthering the fine arts, and whose practice lies far away from the squalor of court-rooms amongst the trust-funds of his rich neighbours, is in imminent danger of ending his career in the dock unless he can replace at once some half-million dollars. The guests are already bidden to the wedding and the bridegroom is on his way across the Atlantic. Davenant's fortune amounts to just about the required sum, and he offers it to Guion. Well, men do quixotic things, especially when a woman is in the case. Moreover, America is a "get-rich-quick" country where a young man might hope soon to make a second "pile". Such explanations however by no means content the author. Apparently nobody with half a million dollars can work, and Davenant was bored to tears by idleness. Then both his father and mother had been missionaries—idealists, giving their lives for others. Not only that, but when lately visiting the scene of their deaths in China he had reflected with pain upon the tardy appearance of the hereditary altruism that ought to be in him. And the felonious Guion, on what looked like his last night out of prison, had prayed fervently for a miracle to happen. This accumulation of causes is interesting, but it may perhaps be taken, like the lady's much protesting, to betoken a consciousness of unlikelihood. But believe, as one must, that Davenant did it, and Olivia's wobbling and the other psychological consequences are admirably traced to their conclusion—the making up of her mind.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Commercial Laws of the World." Vol. XVII. "British Dominions and Protectorates in America." London: Sweet and Maxwell. 1913. 42s. net.

The latest volume of this valuable series contains in full the Canadian Dominion and Provincial statutes relating to companies, bills of exchange, bills of lading, carriers, partnership, and bankruptcy, with an introductory summary of the British North America Act of 1867, which defines the relations between the Dominion and the Provinces. For the compilation and annotation of all this, together with the statutes of Newfoundland, Bermuda, British Honduras, and the Falkland Islands, Professor C. H. Huberich is solely responsible, while in the case of the smaller Dominions, such as British Guiana, Jamaica, and Trinidad, he has shared the work with Mr. W. P. B. Sheppard. The task has been shortened by the fact that a great part of the commercial statute law of these countries is adapted verbatim from English statutes; but, on the other hand, there is, particularly in the case of the Dominion of Canada, a large quantity of case-law, which appears to have been very fully and carefully noted up, a fact which, of course, adds much to the usefulness of the work for those who practise in the Privy Council. Professor Huberich has also added a convenient summary of the time and conditions of appeal to that Court from each Province of Canada.

"Men and Manners of Modern China." By the Rev. J. MacGowan. London: Fisher Unwin. 1912. 12s. 6d. net.

To portray effectively manners and customs which differ widely from one's own requires gifts of humour and sympathetic insight. The writer who has succeeded best, probably, is the Rev. Arthur Smith, in "Chinese Characteristics" and "Village Life in China". His experience was chiefly in the north. Another American (the Rev. Justus Doolittle) dealt, in "Social Life of the Chinese", very fully with the south; and the SATURDAY noted, two years ago, with what sympathetic insight Mr. R. F. Johnston had related (in "The Lion and Dragon in Northern China") his experience as magistrate at Wei-hai-wei. Mr. MacGowan has, during a residence of fifty years in China, seen and recorded much that is interesting; but he is rather prone to forget the Chinese proverb that official projects have beginnings but no endings, and to assume that because a scheme is mooted it will be achieved. There is pathos in his admiration of the "magnificent scheme" for raising by voluntary contributions enough (£200,000,000) to pay off all foreign indebtedness, which he sees "very little reason to doubt that the entire nation would have heartily carried out"—but for the difficulty of administering the money. "To put it in the hands of the mandarins would be fatal." Exactly! Nor are other people quite so convinced of "the absolute certainty that within a year or two opium will disappear from the Flowery Kingdom". Is there not a certain sensationalism, too, in the statement that "the Chinese are a strong race: two great deeds in their history prove this"—one being that two centuries before Christ Shih Hwang-ti built the Great Wall, the other that whereas "seventy years ago a great Western Power forced on China an opium treaty at the mouth of the cannon" . . . "to-day the bloom of the poppy is vanishing out of the land" etc.? The Great Wall was certainly a stupendous conception, but can a work erected by forced labour and cruel oppression be credited to the builders for racial strength? Are the Pyramids proof that the Egyptians are a strong race? Again, if by "opium treaty" is meant a treaty obliging the Chinese to admit opium—perhaps Mr. MacGowan will quote the obligatory clause. And if he will read Abel Remusat's Memoir on the relations of Europe with the Mongols, read before the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres in 1826-27, the problem "how two sets of civilisation as wide as the poles from each other could have independently devised such a grotesque and humorous form of amusement as Punch and Judy" may appear to him less obscure.

"The Tribes of Northern and Central Kordofán." By H. A. MacMichael. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

This book, the author of which is in the Sudan Civil Service, has for its object to describe the antecedents of the many tribes now found in the Kordofán province. It is rather of the nature of a descriptive catalogue than a piece of detailed ethnological work. None the less it will be found very useful as an introduction to the study of this part of Africa, and as giving a clear idea of the many movements of population which have occurred here. The work seems to have been well done, and is an example of the praiseworthy attention which the administration is bestowing on the ethnology of this interesting district. One would only be inclined to grumble a little at the needless space taken up with an account of recent happenings, which is out of place in a scientific work, and can be gathered elsewhere. There is a good bibliography, and a map. In the earliest times Kordofán was probably all held by the Nuba, who seem to have come under the suzerainty of Egypt in the eighteenth dynasty. In 540 A.D. the Nuba became Christian; but after the conquest of Egypt by the Arabs they gradually came under Arab dominion. There was a Christian kingdom of Dongola till well into the fourteenth century. At the present time the Nuba have been driven back into Southern Kordofán, the middle part of which is held by a mixed Arab and black race; while the northern desert belt is peopled by wandering Arabs. The history of the movements of peoples in this part is very complicated, and with the rise of Islam a strong Arab element was superposed; to a great extent this has been blended with the earlier population.

"My Life." By August Bebel. London: Fisher Unwin. 1912. 7s. 6d.

Soon after this famous leader of German Social Democracy wrote the Preface to the present book for English readers, in June of last year, his death occurred. The book is rather less interesting as a personal biography than we expected it to be; but as a record of the Social Democratic movement immediately after Lassalle, when Bebel from being a Radical became a Socialist, it is of considerable value. It is especially instructive as to the persons into whose hands the leadership fell after Lassalle; and tells the curious story, at considerable length, of Jean Baptist von Schweitzer, a man of genius and learning, admirably fitted to be a popular leader but for the fact that he only used his leadership for personal advancement. He became a

tool of Bismarck for attacking the Liberals, and he also betrayed his own cause to that astute enemy. Bebel was a soldier's son, born in excessively poor circumstances; but the adventurous elements often found in the lives of self-made men are not conspicuous. Very likely his simplicity and honesty made him afraid of posing. He explains himself most in the Preface. He was thrust into the movement, he says, by the conditions of his life, and as a result of his experience. It was his duty and his interest to take part in the conflict of opinions, and to examine the new ideas. From being a convinced and decided opponent of Socialism he became one of its most zealous adherents. But the psychology of the low-born, wretchedly poor, and uneducated demagogue with a mission for dangerous leadership has not been explained. It seems as inexplicable as other kinds of inspiration. Bebel was half-starved as a member of the North German Confederation Parliament. He worked at his trade; and when a gift of food came from his constituents he was in clover. The memoir stops at 1878, the year of the enactment of the anti-Socialist laws, with a note of exultation over Bismarck's ultimate defeat. Bebel's imprisonments were frequent; but political prisoners were treated in some respects with amusing leniency. Members of the Reichstag were released for weeks at a time to fight elections or to attend its sessions.

"The Classical Psychologists." Compiled by Benjamin Rand. London: Constable. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

Teachers of psychology have frequently to refer to the history of their subject, and they cannot stop to do more than this in a general course of lectures. If one is studying a system, the author must be read wholly and connectedly. It is, however, convenient alike to teacher and student to have at hand a collection to turn to for the characteristic thought of writers who represent the history of the subject in its beginnings and its development. This idea prompts the present collection of chapters from the psychological writings of authors from Anaxagoras to Wundt. Many of them are translations made for this book, or such classics as Munro's "Lucretius", from Greek, Latin, German, and French; others are taken from Hobbes, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Hartley, Mill, Bacon, and Spencer. The extracts from patristic and mediæval writers must be specially noticed, as these are most likely to be passed altogether by the ordinary student unless they are translated and collected for psychological illustration.

"Radio-active Substances and their Radiations." By E. Rutherford. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1913. 15s. net.

Professor E. Rutherford, Professor of Physics in the University of Manchester, is one of the principal authorities and investigators who have made known the physical and chemical properties of those remarkable bodies, the radio-active substances. In this book we have all that has been discovered, and all that has been theorised, about them since Becquerel, after the discovery of the Röntgen X-rays in 1895, found that a uranium salt emitted a type of radiation capable of penetrating through a considerable thickness of opaque matter. The general theory which is applied to the phenomena is that of the author and Professor Soddy, stated in 1903, which he believes still holds, though there are other theories. The atoms of the substances suffer spontaneous disintegration. This gives rise to a series of radio-active substances differing chemically from the parent elements. Radiations accompany the break-up of the atoms, and give a comparative measure of the rate at which the disintegration takes place. The gist is the break-up of the atom, a formerly inconceivable notion. The book is entirely one for trained chemists and physicists; and even on a subject which might offer an opportunity to popular exposition, the waters at various baths, and the radio-activity of the earth and atmosphere, it is severely technical.

For this Week's Books see page 216.

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BOVRIL LIMITED.

A RECORD YEAR.

PRESIDING at the annual general meeting of Bovril, Ltd., held Wednesday, the Earl of Erroll, K.T.C.B. (Chairman), in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that never in the history of the company had Bovril sold so well as in the year 1912, the sales being far ahead of all previous records. The rate of increase for the two years 1911-12 had been greater than that of any two previous years, and he was pleased to say that the sales for January were also well ahead of all records for that month. This, he thought, was convincing proof that the food-value and body-building powers of Bovril were being more widely recognised. Like all other commercial concerns, they had experienced considerable increase in the cost of manufacture during the last year. Bottles, boxes, and packing material had all gone up in price. The demand for cattle had increased enormously all over the world, and when they remembered that it required about four pounds of beef to make a 2-oz. bottle of Bovril they would judge the effect upon their profits from any increase in the cost of cattle. Dealing with the balance sheet, he said that after the payment of the interest charges and the fixed dividends of 5½ per cent. on the Preference shares and 7 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, there was available for distribution £171,105 4s. 6d., which they decided to apportion by placing £27,500 to reserve; paying an increased dividend of 3½ per cent. on the Deferred shares, absorbing a similar amount; and to carry forward £13,323 19s. 6d. Their reserve would then stand at £240,000. He felt sure that they would all agree that it was in the best interests of the company to strengthen their reserve. He knew they would be sorry to hear that Mr. Andrew Walker, whose faithful services to the company were well known and appreciated by the shareholders, was owing to illness prevented from being with them that day. He had some time ago written a letter proposing to resign his seat on the Board, a position which he has occupied since the formation of the company. He was pleased to inform them, however, that at the unanimous request of his colleagues Mr. Walker, whilst resigning the manager directorship, consented to retain his seat as an ordinary director of the company. He felt sure that they would all join with him in wishing Mr. Walker a speedy and complete recovery. Mr. Douglas Walker, who had been joint managing director for the past six years, would in future act as managing director. Virol, Ltd., in which the company had a substantial interest, continued to make satisfactory progress, that company having paid a dividend of 10 per cent. for the past financial year, as against 7½ per cent. for the previous twelve months. He was informed that the use of Virol in hospitals and sanatoriums was steadily increasing, and the reports on Virol from these institutions were most satisfactory.

Mr. Geo. Lawson Johnston, in seconding the resolution, said that Lord Erroll had mentioned the progress of Bovril, and he would like to add that last year's sales were over 5 per cent. greater than those of 1910, a fact which showed that their preparation had been a favourite with the British public for a quarter of a century. In regard to Estates Control, Ltd., they were aware that the Bovril company had guaranteed the interest on the Preference shares, and apart from the valuable work which that company was doing for them, it was transacting profitable business on its own account, and during 1912 earned more than twice the amount required to cover its Preference dividend.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

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On Monday, 9th June, 1913, £25 per cent.;
On Wednesday, 9th July, 1913, £28 per cent.;

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Application forms may be obtained at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England, or at any of the Branches of the Bank of England; of Messrs. Mullens, Marshall & Co., 13 George Street, London, E.C.; at the Bank of New Zealand (the Bankers to the Government of New Zealand), 1 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.; or at Messrs. J. & A. Seringeour, Hatton Court, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.; or at the Office of the High Commissioner for New Zealand, 13 Victoria Street, London, S.W.

The List of Applications will be closed on, or before, Tuesday, the 18th February, 1913.

BANK OF ENGLAND, LONDON,
13th February, 1913.

NOTE.—A Memorandum, giving information as to the disposal of the proceeds of the Loan and the Financial position of the Dominion, has been prepared by the High Commissioner, and may be had on application.

THE APPLICATION LISTS WILL BE CLOSED ON OR BEFORE
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	<u>£19 10 0</u>	<u>£97 10 0</u>	<u>£487 10 0</u>

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Signature

Name in full
(Add whether "Mr.", "Mrs.", or "Miss," and Title, if any.)

Address

Dated February, 1913.

Saturday Review 23

Applications must be for £20 or multiples of £20, and a separate cheque must accompany each application and be made payable to bearer and crossed " & Co."

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On the basis of this rate of profit, a Whole-life or Endowment Assurance Policy for £1,000 would, irrespective of age at entry, be increased by Bonus, according to its duration, as shown in the following table:—

DURATION	5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40
Amount of Policy	£1,095	£1,199	£1,313	£1,438	£1,574	£1,724	£1,888	£2,067

The RESERVES were computed on the most modern basis, the rate of Interest to be earned in the future being assumed to be 2½ per cent. only; while the EXTRA reserves for safeguards and adjustments have been adopted as hitherto.

REMARKABLE PROGRESS IS SHOWN BY THE FOLLOWING TABLES:—

STATEMENT OF BUSINESS.

BONUS PERIOD.	NO. OF POLICIES.	NEW SUMS ASSURED.	INCREASES DURING THE PERIOD 1907-1911.
1892-1896	3,034	£ 5,485,146	PREMIUMS FROM ... £692,004 to £1,016,217
1897-1901	3,817	£ 6,786,706	ASSETS " ... £5,502,987 " £8,286,552
1902-1906	11,757	£12,330,583	SUMS ASSURED FROM £21,411,832 " £30,667,618
1907-1911	18,933	£16,034,833	

Increase of Premium Income during the year 1912 ... £64,162 | **Increase of Total Funds during the year 1912 ... £697,016**

ESTATE DUTIES.—Policies are granted at specially low rates for Non-Profit Assurances, and these are particularly advantageous for the purpose of providing Death Duties and Portions for Younger Children.

REVERSIONS AND LIFE INTERESTS.—These are purchased by the Society, and loans thereon are granted on specially advantageous terms.

The Directors are most desirous of increasing the number of the Society's supporters, and invite communications from those willing to represent the Society in London and the Provinces.

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